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THE PROGRESS OF THE SESSION.

THE Easter vacation has, at length, closed the Houses of Parliament, and sent forth the noble and learned legislators of this country to the enjoyment of a brief season of domestic ease and private pleasure. The first act of the annual political play being over, and the second not having yet begun, we may take advantage of the breathing-time thus allowed to the dramatis personæ to consider how the piece promises, how the plot develops itself, and with what degree of talent the different actors on the scene are enacting their rôle.

The most obvious remark to a regular visiter of Parliament with respect to the business of the House of Commons is the utter disorder that reigns throughout—a disorder so great, that neither the utmost personal vigilance nor the most diligent perusal of each day's notice-paper can give any idea of any particular day's proceedings,—how many of the appointed motions or questions will come, or how many will be deferred to suit the convenience of Ministers, who assume to themselves the privilege of leading the business and taking the lion's share of precedence and convenience. It is, we think, rather disgraceful, that four entire sessions of a *reformed* Parliament should have passed away without the adoption of a single efficient measure for regulating the parliamentary business, either as concerns public or private bills, and we cannot avoid an expression of surprise that the downright business-transacting members have not urged the paramount necessity of this kind of *reform* on the Ministers of the day. If the time wasted in delays of business and in useless talking on extraneous subjects were to be reckoned up, it would undoubtedly be found—either that much more business might be done, or that the present business might be transacted—aye, and properly transacted, in a much shorter time. But from the order of the business we must now proceed to the business itself.

The bills which demand our attention before all others are those introduced by the King's ministers, and for the success of which they have more or less pledged themselves to the country. Eighteen public bills have been already brought forward by the government, of which only *two* have passed both Houses, while *three* others are still under the consideration of the Peers:—the remaining *thirteen* are still in the Lower house, either going through their various changes, or in abeyance—awaiting the convenience of their foster-fathers,—Lord Melbourne and Lord J. Russell.

To proceed with the government bills in chronological order,—the Scotch law bills brought in by the Lord Advocate (J. A. Murray, M.'P. for Leith) on Feb. 3rd, are not yet in committee; the Attorney-

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general's bill for abolishing imprisonment for debt (which has been twice strangled by Lord Lyndhurst), introduced on Feb. 6, is still in committee, and the same learned gentleman's Registration-of-Voters' bill, brought in at the same time, is not yet committed; the Irish corporation bill—the bill of the Melbourne ministry—which in the Commons has elicited more talent on both sides than any other question during the Session, has not yet been reported; the Prisons' regulation bill, introduced Feb. 12th, has been withdrawn; and the Irish poor-law bill of Feb. 14th has not yet been read a second time. Of bills subsequently introduced, it would be unfair to make mention; but surely the delay in passing *six* important ministerial bills (all of which must inevitably encounter a sturdy opposition in the Lords' House, and be discussed by hereditary wisdom at an almost interminable length), makes some complaint of their dilatoriness quite excusable. The country have no grounds for expressing want of confidence in the intentions of Ministers; but their friends may well be allowed to spur them on to exertion in the good cause, especially so far as regards one very much injured portion of his Majesty's Britannic subjects, the people of Ireland. The masterly historical developement of government abuses in Ireland (which have existed ever since the treaty of Limerick in 1691, the *Magna Charta* of that country), with which Lord John Russell introduced the Irish municipal bill, will contribute greatly to his fame as a statesman; and Lord Morpeth's speeches display a great knowledge of the practical bearings of the question:—indeed by these two only, all the arguments of a very talented opposition, chiefly composed of Lord F. Egerton, Sir James Graham, Sir R. Peel, and Mr. Maclean, were at once refuted and exploded. The votes give every hope of success in the Commons:—let the Lords give their opinion warily and after mature reflection. The Poor-law bill for Ireland,—a country which, with all its distresses and amidst all its persecutions, has not yet possessed any code of poor-laws at all, and where no eleemosynary provision whatever is made for the suffering population,—ought likewise to be put forward with all decent dispatch, in order to prevent the fate which awaits many bills sent up to the Lords at a late period,—viz., a postponement *sine die*. A weekly contemporary has well said that the passing of this bill “concerns the physical existence of millions.” Those legislators who pride themselves on their support of a religion whose greatest feature is *mercy*, cannot consistently refuse demands grounded on common justice. The Church-rates bill involves the consideration of a subject in which the vested rights of the Church of England are said to be concerned; and we are not at all surprised that the sticklers for High-church Orthodoxy should have enlisted the largest possible number of supporters for the division on the 16th of March. The dissenters, however, who were so deeply injured—so foully wronged by the Act of Uniformity in 1662 and by the Test Act in 1673, are now become a very powerful body, and have so many supporters among the more liberal and justice-respecting Churchmen, that this bill, however strongly resisted for a time, must keep its ground and become eventually the law of the land. So much for the Government bills and our remarks thereon.

We shall now proceed to the motions and bills introduced by the

Radical section of the Ministerial side of the House. Out of about *twenty* of these, we may select *twelve*, as being of great public importance.

To begin with Mr. O'Connell's Law-of-Libel-Amendment bill, we find that the leave to bring in the bill, given on Feb. 14, was not taken advantage of till March 3; since which time, so far as we can discover, no steps in advance have been taken by the leader of the Irish reformers. Mr. Hume's two bills next demand our attention. His excellent bill for the regulation of county-rates was introduced and passed its first reading on Feb. 10th; since which time, as we believe, it has lain dormant. His other bill for regulating Election expenses is quite in abeyance—so far as we can find from the published authorities to which we owe our information. Of Mr. Ward's two motions,—the first, for the publication of divisions in Committees, has been carried,—the other is still pending, and awaiting the decision of the Irish poor-law question. Mr. Grote's ballot motion on March 7th was lost by a majority of 112 against it; but it must be gratifying to the supporters of that question to reflect, that *sixty* votes have been gained since the time when it was last brought forward. Sir W. Molesworth, although in reality not more successful, had less opposition to his Property-qualification-for-members bill, his minority being only twenty-nine. The honourable Baronet's illness prevents the bringing forward of his Peerage-reform motion. Mr. Clay's motion on the Corn-law question was lost on March 16th;—and we have as yet been unable to recognise any happy results from Mr. Roebuck's motion concerning the treaty of Adrianople as affected by the capture of the Vixen. Without going into further details, it will appear evident that the Radical section, with all their professions, have not been much more active than Ministers;—and their activity has been much less successful. The Reformers, notwithstanding, have "good men and true" in their ranks, and if they are sober and discreet, their cause must ultimately triumph:—but they must abide their time.

On the whole, from a review of the past eight weeks of the Session, it does not appear that the Liberals have much whereon to congratulate themselves. The professed policy of Ministers has been "to bombard the Lords with good measures:"—but they must at least allow that their eggs are long in hatching. We have not the slightest suspicion of their good intentions and desires; but recollecting a very old proverb, that "hell is paved with good intentions," we prefer looking to things in *esse* rather than to those in *posse*. With respect to the event of any important constitutional measures brought forward either by Ministers or Radicals,—we know full well their ultimate fate. We have not the slightest expectation that any measure of public importance will pass during the present Session:—in other words, the Lords will successfully continue their present system of opposition. If the triumph of party were uppermost in our heart, we should instantly say—let the King once more make trial of those, who on so many previous occasions have shown their inefficiency, but are still so boastful in their pretensions, so obstinate in their opposition. But no:—the results to the money interests,—to the manufacturers and traders of this country, would be so injurious—nay, ruinous—that we dare not, however certain the triumph of

party, risk the safety of that public prosperity with which individual good is inseparably linked. A Tory government with the present House of Commons, or with any House of Commons that the Electors throughout Great Britain and Ireland would now send to represent them, could not exist three months:—and Sir Robert Peel has virtually acknowledged it more than once in his public speeches in the House. To those of our opponents, who are not historically acquainted with the government-abuses in Ireland, we recommend the perusal of an *impartial* history of that country during the last 150 years:—to such enquirers,—if they be fair-judging,—we confidently leave the conclusion. The time has passed, when church influence could carry every point by its own dictatorial authority. People,—now, thanks, *PARTLY to the Clergy*, being more educated than they had been twenty years ago, have begun to exercise that faculty, which distinguishes them from the brute creation;—they have set about thinking and forming an opinion of their own; they have, by means of the daily and weekly journals, received regular reports of parliamentary proceedings and of the opinions of the most influential men on both sides of the various political questions that agitate Parliament. We are very well aware, that proprietary influence may affect the opinions and votes of tenants in the agricultural districts; but the proprietors must bend to circumstances,—must allow for the general feeling that pervades the country, and must eventually coincide with measures, however unpalatable, that are absolutely necessary to their own security. The result is inevitable. D.

CITY SKETCHES.—BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

No. I.

MESSRS. STORKS, HOOKEM, & CO.

THE superscription I have assumed, and which I am fully entitled to adopt, must at once convince the gentle but sometimes incredulous reader that I am cognizant of many matters which do not often transpire west of Temple Bar.

The fruits of my experience have, indeed, been manifold; of divers hues, and of various and not seldom of opposite flavours; and it is my intention, in due time, to present to the public such satisfactory samples thereof as shall appear to myself most meet and fitting.

The things of this world are in their nature transitory, and are, or ought to be, well known to be so. Yet I confess my commercial memory does not at present furnish me with so striking an instance of the instability of human affairs as was exemplified in the firm (if firm it could be called which was most infirm) of Messrs. Storks, Hookem, and Co.

It may not be amiss if I supply such particulars as I happen to know of the early history of the two individuals composing this firm, the "Co." being, as in many similar cases, merely gentlemen of the fancy—*Messieurs de l'imagination*--airy nothings.

Mr. Storks, or rather Mr. Snooks, for that was his true patronymic, was a native of Manchester, and during his early years had gone through a course of blue worsted hose, yellow leather breeches,

pepper and salt coats, muffin caps and study, at a parish school. His education completed, a liberal patron of the industrious classes placed at his disposal the sum of one and sixpence per week, for polishing the boots and shoes, cleaning the knives and forks, running on errands, waiting at table, looking after the house-dog, and quarrelling with the cook. It were tedious, perhaps, to trace the gradations by which Mr. Snooks ascended from errand-boy to light porter—from light porter to junior clerk—and from junior clerk to book-keeper, in one of the first manufacturing houses of his native place. It may be permitted, however, to remark that these successive elevations supply the best evidence of his talent and acquirements.

Mr. Snooks had occupied his responsible situation for some years when a conspiracy was, it seems, set on foot against him by the partners. Who can successfully resist oppression when it is backed by wealth and power? The sensitive soul of Snooks did not feel itself equal to a moral set-to against such fearful odds: he abruptly left the place of his nativity. He departed from Manchester for ever, regretted by many of the inhabitants, whose pecuniary demands upon him, in the perturbation of his soul and in the hurry of his departure, he had omitted to satisfy, and arriving in London he changed his name to that of Storks, that he might baffle the pursuit of his unrelenting foes. And in this metropolis lived Mr. Storks in comparative peace for some years, until—but why anticipate?

Turn we, therefore, to Hookem. Mr. Hookem was the only son of a most worthy character, who had for half a century satisfactorily fulfilled the onerous duties of a messenger to the Navy Pay Office. The old gentleman lived just long enough to know that he had bestowed a good plain education upon his son, and to feel that he was comfortably settled at Salamanca House—the large linen-draper's in Oxford-street: and here, indeed, the sole surviving Hookem vegetated for a considerable period. His imposing head of hair—that unexceptionable abundance of whisker—the lightness of his finger—the rapidity of his movements, and the urbanity of his deportment, won and secured for him the esteem, admiration, and confidence of both sides of the counter.

Let us not call it an evil hour in which Mr. Hookem fixed his eyes and rivetted his affections upon Miss Sarah Sparks, a young lady who had at one time carried on business in the corset line, but who, in a fit of the tender passion, cut her stay-laces, and flung herself into the arms—or, to speak without excitement, accepted the hand—of the devoted linen-draper's factotum. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Hookem had been presented with many opportunities, in the course of her profession, of mixing with the best society; nor is it surprising that her naturally genteel soul should have imbibed the refined tastes and polite predilections of her truly respectable customers; so that, when Mr. Hookem obtained permission from his employers to live out of the house, and to occupy one portion of his own domestic hearth, a scale of expenses was offered to his inspection, which, making a rough estimate, seemed to be more than commensurate with his income. Mrs. H., too, had a passion for dressing, as she said, "like other people," and her perhaps too-indulgent consort wished to place her upon a level with society in general. And then she was so often "not fit to be seen," that Hookem was com-

pelled to do things that were not seen to be fit. Besides, those weekly relaxations at the "White Conduit" were, to say the least of them, expensive;—that day at Epsom Hookem himself declared to be a regular *mull*, and the week at Gravesend was ruinous.

I could wish, at this point in the life of Mr. Hookem, that I might introduce something, if only for the sake of variety and contrast, that might be considered a new feature. But truth compels me to state that, by a strange coincidence, the very calamity that had befallen Storks lighted on the head of Hookem. A conspiracy was got up against him also. It is to be feared that some skulking scoundrel, reputed honest, abstracted those various odd sums of money which Hookem, with unfeeling abruptness, was charged with purloining. No evidence of guilt betrayed itself upon the face of that much-injured man as he manfully denied the charge and offered to swear to the truth of his allegation. His sceptical employers, however, not for a moment reflecting how extremely improbable it was that any gentleman could voluntarily perjure himself in a case of mere paltry money, dismissed him from their business and sent him about his own. Thenceforward Mr. Hookem conceived a rooted hatred of the retail business, abandoned all thought of returning to it, and was never known to refer any individual to his late employers for a character; which, had he done so, they might, he thought, be base enough to withhold.

It is a hard thing when a high-minded man is under the necessity of prowling about a vast metropolis like this with his hands, and nothing else, in his pockets; and if, under these untoward circumstances, Mr. Hookem *did* consent to undertake the office of decoy to a gaming-house in the Quadrant, let us charitably suppose that he was instigated thereto by a benevolent desire to exhibit to inexperienced youth the follies, the vices, and dangers that beset them, to the end that in their maturer years they might eschew such foibles.

It was by the merest chance that Mr. Hookem, while engaged in this employment, became possessed of a small capital. A too-troublesome police will sometimes make themselves impertinently curious respecting the domestic avocations of free-born Englishmen. These functionaries committed a burglary in the gaming-house one night, and suddenly burst into a spacious room where several gentlemen were invoking the aid, cursing the blindness, or deploring the instability, of Fortune. It may appear unaccountable that the partners in the concern, and the parties concerned, should have made so precipitate a retreat as they undoubtedly felt themselves under the necessity of doing. Mr. Hookem, however, with a presence of mind that cannot be sufficiently commended, succeeded in securing the bank and effecting his escape; and it is somewhat remarkable that he was never afterwards so fortunate as to be able to meet the owners, that he might have the pleasure of restoring the property.

Having thus afforded a brief sketch of the moral requisites of Messrs. Storks and Hookem, let me now proceed to narrate how the *firm* was called into existence; how for awhile it flourished; and how, at length, it was liquidated.

It was in a Ramsgate steamer on her voyage to London that Mr. Storks, for the first time in his life, directed his visual rays towards the open countenance and imposing person of Mr. Hookem, and that

Mr. Hookem precipitated his glance upon the minute features and slender outline of Mr. Storks. If it be really true (as I believe it is) that a certain sympathy attracts congenial spirits, no wonder that these two gentlemen felt magnetically drawn towards each other by a power as sudden as it was mysterious. Perhaps the interesting indisposition of Mrs. Hookem (for Storks was a man of true feeling and unquestioned gallantry) facilitated an introduction which otherwise might never have been effected. They slid into conversation insensibly—a conversation in the first instance devoted to topics of no exciting interest—such, for instance, as the state of the weather—the construction of the paddle-boxes—the civility of the captain—the attention of the steward—whether the water was brackish at Gravesend—what a romantic spectacle the little church of Erith presented—whether the malefactors at Execution Dock had been taken or blown down—and other matters of less moment. But, having retired to the best cabin, and each gentleman being promptly supplied with a glass of brandy-and-water, a colloquy of a more solid and instructive character succeeded.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Storks, addressing his companion, "we shall soon find ourselves once more in the great city,—that vast mart of merchandise,—that emporium of the world."

"Yes, we shall soon be there," returned Hookem.

"A mighty place, London," observed Storks; "a wonderful place—wonderful!"

"Isn't it, Sir?" coincided the lady.

"I believe you," said Hookem.

"Industry never flags there," pursued Storks; "never lies dormant—never sleeps."

"No, all wide awake there," returned the other, with a wink.

"And yet, a good living *may* be picked up in London, even now," suggested Storks.

"If you did but know where to look for it," said his new companion.

"Excuse me, that isn't it," returned the other; "many people know where to look for it who can't get it, you know."

"The gentleman speaks true, H.," remarked the wife of H.'s best and purest affections.

"Now, I know many ways," continued Storks, "by which a fortune might even be made in this very town;—inevitably—certainly—"

"And no mistake?" as my friend Downey says," enquired Hookem.

"Strange!" exclaimed Storks, with animation; "did you say Downey? I know a gentleman of that name."

"You do? what! a stout man, with a very red face?"

"Striped stock?"

"Brown coat, always close buttoned?"

"Yes."

"And a mouth all on one side—so?" and Hookem, with exquisite mimicry, indicated the identity.

"The very man," cried Storks.

"My dear Sir," said Hookem, "I'm sure I'm very glad to make your acquaintance. Pray, Sir, is your name Wilkins?"

"No, Sir, my name is Storks—Mr. Ambrose Storks."

"My dear," said Hookem, addressing his wife in a tone of bland appeal, "how often have we heard Downey mention his friend Mr. Storks!"

"How often, indeed!" said the lady.

"And may I make so free," said Storks, "as to request the favour of your name?"

"My name, Sir, is James Hookem—Jemmy Hookem, as Downey calls me."

"My good Sir," cried Storks with enthusiasm, "my friend Downey has spoken of you to me a thousand times."

"Has he, though?—rum—" said Hookem.

"How very funny!" simpered his wife.

"Extraordinary circumstance!" cried Storks; and at this stage of our history an intimacy was at once cemented which, I doubt not, will last for life.

"My dear Sir," said Hookem, when the excitement consequent upon the recent disclosure had in some measure abated, "you were saying that something might be done—that a fortune—"

"Great things might be done, Sir," interrupted Storks, "great things might be done—with a small capital."

"A hundred or two of much use, d'ye think—eh?" enquired Hookem.

Before, however, Storks could make answer to this interesting question, Mrs. Hookem gave her husband a confidential nudge, and requested his private ear for a moment, begging to assure Mr. Storks, at the same time, that it was "no secret," and avowing her knowledge of the fact that whispering was very rude before company."

"Now, don't you go to make a fool of yourself, James Hookem," said that prudent young person, "letting that fellow know what you've got: he's a sharp'on, take my word for it."

"All right," said Hookem, shaking his head knowingly, "Jack's as good as his master—no mistake about me," and he turned towards Storks. "A hundred or two of any use, eh?"

"Why, the sum is small certainly," replied Storks, who during this brief interchange had been looking with one eye at the steward, and with the other at his companions, "the sum is small certainly; but much might be done even with that. A sharp fellow with a clever partner—appearance is every thing."

"Good," said Hookem.

"Make a show, you know."

"True."

"The rest follows—don't you see?"

"I do," said Hookem,—"*wide awake—uncommon.*"

At this moment an intimation was made to the passengers below that the vessel had reached her destination, and the company prepared with all expedition to depart.

"Well, bye bye, old fellow," cried Hookem, with that familiar cordiality which some few generous natures have always at command: "sorry we didn't become acquainted earlier in the voyage, but never mind."

"But we shall see Mr. Storks again, my dear, surely," suggested Mrs. Hookem.

"Aye, by the bye, why not?" cried Hookem, and, as he lowered himself to a level with Storks, he took that individual with friendly

zeal by the collar—"now, say the word: why can't you come and take a snap with us, at eight o'clock tomorrow evening, 54, Beech-Row, Walworth? That's where we hang out,—and bring Downey with you,—will you?"

"I *will* come," said Storks, and he repeated the address,—*"and I will bring Downey with me:"* and after many fervent graspings of the hand on all sides, the two friends separated, each bent upon bringing to bear the project which had been so suddenly and faintly shadowed forth,—but which, as each walked homeward, as suddenly assumed (if I may be permitted the phrase) a mentally tangible shape.

Mr. Storks, being strictly a man of his word, and at the same time wanting a word with his man, made it his business, on the morrow, to seek after his friend Mr. Downey, whom, after much fruitless and previous search, he found in one of the many houses of call frequented by that gentleman.

Mr. Downey was one of those persons who contrive to exhibit a respectable appearance, without any apparent means of so doing, and who manage to get a good living without any ostensible avocation in life. In truth, the means of sustenance acquired by Mr. Downey were as mysteriously procured, as the sustenance which is always supposed to attend Knights-errant in the old Romances, there being, as we have said, no conceivable source from whence they could be imagined to flow. Mr. Downey, however, was one of those hearty and convivial souls who are always to be found in public-house parlours—who always drink spirits and water—who never leave the house without staying at the bar to toss with their companion, three out of five, who shall pay for another glass,—and who always discharge the reckoning out of a handful of silver, with an expression of firm belief that it will be "all the same a hundred years hence," or with the pertinent query, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

Mr. Downey was, of course, infinitely pleased, nay, delighted, when he was made acquainted with the extraordinary interference of chance which had brought into contact two such intimate and estimable friends as Mr. Storks and Mr. Hookem. It need scarcely be added, that he readily consented to accompany the former on his intended visit, and in the meanwhile the two gentlemen exchanged much confidential chat touching the probable practicability of a partnership transaction. This question having been duly raised, these amiable parties mounted a Walworth stage, and in due time were set down at No. 54, Beech Row, where they were received with all that unostentatious hospitality which, perhaps, peculiarly distinguishes the English character.

It was not long after their arrival, that the kettle was proclaimed to be about to favour the company with a song—that a bottle of whiskey was caused to emerge from the cupboard—that the tumblers were cleaned and set upon the table, and that Downey's cigar-case made its appearance from his side pocket. These preliminaries arranged, and each gentleman having been requested to mix for himself, business was entered upon without further ceremony.

"Never trust me," said Downey, biting off the end of his cigar, "if that wasn't a queer start, you two fellows meeting in the strange way you did,—but wonders will never cease, as the sweep said when the beggar kicked him."

"It was indeed," replied Hookem, "fortunate, I think."

"Decidedly so," said Storks, with an experimental glance towards the lady.

"Fort'nit," cried Mrs. Hookem.

"Well, then," said Downey, "why can't you two knock up a partnership between you? You're the likeliest chaps I know to make a good thing of it. Storks, my boy, I know Hookem there—don't take my word for it, but he is one of the rummiest—one of the deepest—one of the keenest old files *you* ever came across: and, Hookem, as for Storks here—talk to me of men of business after him! Why, he and another came over in three ships, and two of them were lost. He's a—never trust me if he isn't—he's a true Briton, that's what he is—and no mistake."

This eloquent eulogium could not fail to alarm the natural modesty of the two subjects of it, of which modesty the reader will doubtless believe each possessed a more than ordinary share. An exchange of bows took place alike flattering and honourable to both.

"Well, bang it," cried Hookem, after a pause, "what's the use of my talking? What do *you* say, Mr. Storks?"

"Why, the fact is," said Storks with a commercial air, "I am rather strangely circumstanced. I have excellent opportunities—excellent—but no capital."

"Capital opportunities—but no capital," elucidated Hookem.

"Just so," continued Storks. "Now, if I could get a start—something to begin with—to make a show."

"I've a hundred or two, you know," remarked Hookem.

"My dear Sir, that would just do—merely to be sunk for a fortnight—to be repaid out of the concern."

Men of business habits very soon understand one another, and a very short conversation sufficed to improve the project, which, on the previous night, had assumed a definite shape, into perfect symmetry.

"Now," said Downey, helping himself to another glass of whiskey and water, "you understand each other, don't you? Well, mark me: you two gents just toddle into Wood-street one of these mornings, and there you'll see one of the sweetest places you ever looked at: my wigs, such a front—premises running back into the next street."

"Just the thing for a Manchester Warehouse," said Storks, addressing his partner *in esse*.

"The ticket," said Hookem.

"There's a private gateway at the back, mind you," resumed Downey—"a private gateway."

"Nothing can be better," said Storks decisively.

"Why so?" enquired the unsophisticated Hookem.

"My dear fellow," said Storks, "can't you perceive? The goods come in at the front door, and go away at the back—private—secret, you know: who knows where they're taken, you know?"

"Don't you see?" vociferated Downey.

"Oh! you clever creatures you," cried the delighted Mrs Hookem, shaking her remarkably pretty small head, with a wicked pleasantness, at the men of business.

Mr. Storks acknowledged his moiety of the compliment by a self-complacent but deprecating bow.

"Do you see the joke, Sally?" cried Downey with a wink,—"d'ye twig, eh?—"

Here the company, with the exception of Mr. Storks, burst into uproarious and long continued merriment; outward mirth being an art which Mr. Storks had never studied.

"Well, but, now," said Downey, when silence was once again restored, "I can let you into a good thing—won't promise, though—can't be sure till I've got him, as the devil said of Dr. Faustus; but I know a young fellow that'll just suit you for a partner. I've met him several times at a house in the City. He's got two or three thousand pounds which he doesn't know what to do with, and I'm sure he wants to join some respectable house of business as a sleeping partner."

Here a second burst of exhilarating merriment proceeded from the company.

"He's the nephew," continued Downey, "of an old fellow late of Well Street, who hopped the twig about a year back; and his name's Brown. But, you understand, I shan't come it strong to my gentleman till you're regularly established—"

"About a week afterward, say?" enquired Hookem.

"Aye, that's the time o'day; and mind ye, he's to have a leg and a wing, and a piece of the breast off that goose,—no mistake about that, is it fair?"

"Quite," said Hookem.

"Of course," added Storks. "But," he continued with an air of interest which, during Downey's statement, had been gradually enlarging till it almost arrived at the dignity of excitement—"but, are you sure this young man has money?—two or three thousand, you said;—is it ready—tangible—down?"

"Down,"—cried Downey, striking the table with his hand; "what d'ye think of that now, eh, Master Innocence? won't that do for you?" and here our commercial agent contrived an irresistible variation of visage that completely relaxed the muscles of his auditors. But the entrance of supper, which consisted of beef-steaks and onions and boiled potatoes, prevented for a while this agreeable species of relaxation.

It may safely be affirmed that no four estimable individuals ever sat down to this most pleasant of all meals with more true and unfeigned relish than did the four persons of whom we have been treating. After supper, the one grand topic and another bottle of whiskey were broached;—the enlivening song went round, or, rather, went three quarters round,—for Storks was no singer, and had a bad cold into the bargain—wit flew about which was not always caught—good humour prevailed which was not always prevalent, and, in a word, unbounded hilarity was the order, or perhaps the disorder of the night.

It was about a month after the meeting as here described that the "sweet place" in Wood Street was entered upon; that "STORKS, HOOKEM, & Co., MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN," surmounted the warehouse windows, and adorned the doorposts of the concern, and that young Mr. Richard Miggle, the nephew of their friend Mr. Downey, for the first time occupied a stool in the counting-house. It were extravagant scepticism to doubt that to a respectable firm like the above, credit could for a moment be denied. When it is stated that the "small capital" of Mr. Hookem filled the warehouse to overflowing with bales whose contents it were impertinent too minutely to examine,—and that Mr. Storks regularly paid for the goods ordered, by bills at two months, drawn and accepted by that extensive Manchester branch of the London trade, carrying on business under the firm of Catchflat, Rumrigg, & Co."—when these facts, we say, are stated, and

puffing borne in mind, it cannot surely be wondered at that our new partners found that they had obtained as pretty a connexion in so short a space of time as could be, by moderate and sensible people like Storks and Hookem, desired. This was their mode of doing business, although singular, to be reflected upon without bestowing upon it a well-deserved commendation. Such was the briskness of trade, or such the assiduity and attention to business of the partners, that the goods which were purchased, were sold the instant they entered the warehouse; and although they were delivered at the front door, they invariably made their exit from the private gateway at the back of the premises with all the despatch consistent with caution; Mr. Storks being perfectly well aware that so active was competition in the London market, that were any of his neighbours in the same line to observe the address of his purchasers on the goods, his connexion would have been soon undermined and, perhaps, destroyed.

It may have been a fortnight after Messrs. Storks and Hookem had entered into copartnership, that Mr. Downey, accompanied by his friend Mr. Brown, called upon those gentlemen, and under the plea of particular business was admitted to a private interview. It will not be amiss that we tender a short notice of Mr. Brown.

Mr. Dunn Brown was a young gentleman who had been all his life until within the last year under the guardianship of his uncle, the late Mr. Softun, of Well Street. Mr. Dunn Brown had never been in the habit of attending to any thing in this life except his own comforts, and he was almost too lazy to do even this. It is sometimes a bad thing when fathers happen to die and leave their sons small independences, which enable them to keep moving in the pecuniary sense, without making any other movement whatever. Mr. Brown, accordingly, although possessed of very respectable talents, had hidden his light under a bushel, or we might more properly say, under a chaldron of indolence. And yet, in one or two matters he was not without industry.

He slept with uncommon energy and perseverance, he was impatient of the sluggish inactivity of the cook when she left him waiting for his dinner,—and he disposed of that, and indeed of his other repasts, with no ordinary vigour. It had, however, so frequently been urged upon him by his friend that he should turn his attention to business that Mr. Brown felt himself at length virtually compelled to look about him, or to prevail upon his acquaintance to look about for him, and leave his employment of Mr. Downey as an agent, when exertions promised so auspicious a termination.

But it was not until he had solicited and obtained the best advice that Mr. Brown proceeded to complete the negotiation then on foot. His aunt, the widow of his late guardian, was a lady universally acknowledged to possess an unusual share of common sense, and to her, therefore, did he apply, and by her was he prepared to be determined one way or the other. Mrs. Softun, when the matter was explained and fully laid before her, delivered herself of the following most just and sensible observation. “Why, my dear nephew, if these gentlemen are upright and honourable men, I would strongly advise you to become a partner in the business; if, on the contrary, they are no better than they should be, I would counsel you to have nothing to do with them.”

Fortified and strengthened by so golden a rule of conduct as this, Mr. Dunn Brown sought out his friend Downey. Why, Storks,

Hookem & Co. *were* upright and honourable men. Who could make that a question? What could be more natural, therefore, than that Mr. Dunn Brown should at once fairly and honourably place himself, without reserve, in the hands of Mr. Downey?

The interview that took place was perfectly satisfactory to all parties concerned. Nothing could be more fair, more honourable, more liberal than the conduct of Messrs. Storks and Hookem upon this occasion. They actually agreed, for the consideration of three thousand pounds, to be brought into the business by Mr. Brown, to allow him a third share in the profits of that flourishing concern! Upon every other point, also, they were most candid, most explicit; explicit to a fault, Mr. Brown thought at the time. They should, he conceived, have permitted him to learn such matters, if only to bring him into habits of business. But they were men of the world, and at the same time single minded as infants. In wit they were men, in simplicity children. They were, at all events, gentlemen every inch of them. Mr. Brown was fully aware of that.

In less than a month Mr. Dunn Brown produced his capital, which was forthwith entered to his credit in the journal by Mr. Miggle; his name was likewise added to the firm, which, if possible, was rendered still more respectable thereby, and things went on for a week in the most prosperous manner.

One evening, upon entering the counting house, which for one entire week Mr. Brown had managed to do rather punctually, he beheld Mr. Storks seated at his desk in a state of profound thought almost amounting to utter abstraction. Mr. Brown felt that it would not be proper at such a time to disturb his meditations, and remained silent. At length Mr. Storks recovered from his reverie, and perceiving his junior partner, came forward to salute him, which he did with an earnest but slightly-melancholy pressure of the hand. Seating himself by the fire, he was soon again absorbed in reflection.

"Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw," at length *went* Mr. Storks, making that not-to-be-written sound by which most people, at times, indicate vexation. "What a pity it is!" "May I ask what is a pity, Sir?" enquired Mr. Brown deferentially.

"Oh! my dear Sir," replied Storks with a faint and piteous smile, "this want of more enlarged capital is the very devil—prevents us from taking advantage of so many opportunities. Now, there's an opportunity has just presented itself by which we might clear *cent. per cent.*, at least: we may never get such another chance."

"That is indeed a pity," said Brown; "well, but, my three thousand pounds last week——"

"Oh, gone," cried Storks promptly—"gone,—stay, my good friend, be not alarmed—it is gone for good—much good; but our present operation is of a much more extensive character."

Mr. Brown began, as actively as he could, to think about something, although he did not precisely know what.

"My dear Mr. Brown," said Storks, after a long pause, "*do* you know any person who would be likely to lend us a few thousands for a couple of months? we wouldn't mind paying something handsome in addition to the interest, for the accommodation? the case, you perceive is urgent."

"I have an aunt," said Brown, with some hesitation, "who has a considerable sum in the funds, I know; but the old lady is remarkably particular—very cautious, and I fear——"

"A pity," interrupted Storks, "money in the funds! how sadly imprudent! why, my good Sir, if her money were invested with us, we could and would willingly allow her ten *per cent.* for the use of it."

"Could you, indeed?" said Brown in wonderment.

"Aye, could we," exclaimed Storks, and after a pause—"well."

"Well," said the partner, "I'll see if I can get four thousand for two months; I don't think I could get more."

"It might do," replied Storks, as though in mental calculation, "at all events, it will go part of the way towards it; Hookem and I will contrive the rest."

"Shall I go at once?" asked Downey, who began suddenly to pity the infatuation of his aunt, who permitted herself to be taken in by the government for a paltry consideration of 3 per cent., and the security not so very good after all.

"Aye, go—go at once," said Storks, "dispatch is the soul of business," and as playfully as it was in his nature to be, he pushed his partner out of the counting-house.

Mr. Brown was perfectly right when he designated his aunt a remarkably particular and very cautious old lady. It was not until he had placed the matter in every conceivable point of view, and had undergone a wearisome and harassing argument of three hours' duration, that he succeeded in obtaining from her a letter to Mr. Smale, her stock-broker, authorizing him to sell out the required sum, and to pay it to her nephew's order.

"Well, Smale," said Brown, when that gentleman had finished the perusal of the letter, "Sharp's the word, I must have this cash."

"I am very sorry for that," replied Smale, with great deliberation, "for you can't; consols are shut—the books are closed for the dividends for a fortnight."

"Vexatious!" said Brown. "You know Smale, I have just entered into partnership with a most extensive house; the cash is of the utmost consequence."

"Why, if that's the case," returned Smale, "I'll see if it can be got; you must pay me a small commission for it, and I'll hold your aunt's letter, and sell out when the stocks are open."

"Do," said Brown, "do—do, that's a good fellow."

"Call in half an hour then, and I'll let you know,"

"I will."

And Mr. Smale walked over to his friend close by, whilst Storks proceeded to an adjacent chop-house, to get a little bit of lunch.

Brown had just completed a sandwich, and was drinking a glass of stout, when the conversation of two gentlemen in the next box attracted his attention.

"By the bye," said one, "who are these people, Storks, Hookem, and Co., in Wood Street? are they known?"

"A bad lot, I'm afraid," replied the other; "some people say they're regular ———" (Brown couldn't catch the word. A pity, he thought, some gentlemen spoke in so low a tone.)

"Yes, they're doing every one, I hear, sweetly," continued the second speaker.

"They are, are they?"

"Yes, and they've got a partner, too; Brown, the nephew of old Softun, of Milk Street. They've stuck it into him before this, rely upon it. A respectable man, Brown."

"Ah! ha! ha!" laughed the first, "poor Brown!"

Here Mr. Dunn Brown groaned audibly.

"What's that in the next box?" enquired one,

"Can't say," replied the other. "Settling day, you know; a waddler, I suppose."

Brown did, indeed, appear a waddler, as, flinging down sixpence, he contrived to carry himself out of the coffee-room.

As our junior partner paused to take breath at the back of the Exchange, the thought suddenly struck him whether it would not be better, under all circumstances, to allow his aunt's money to fructify, however slowly and leisurely, in the 3 per cents.; he postponed, therefore calling upon Mr. Smale, and made the best of his way, with the best of his ability, to Wood Street, there to tell his tale of disappointment, and bank books closed for the dividend.

As he entered the premises, a rather unusual scene presented itself. His partner, Mr. Hookem, was engaged in high words with a stranger, and in another part of the warehouse a carman was struggling to obtain possession of two bales from their confidential porter, who made but a feeble resistance.

"Itell you, Sir," said the stranger, "these goods were sold for cash."

"For cash, certainly," replied Hookem. "Won't you walk into the counting-house, Mr. Brown?" But Brown stirred not.

"For cash, certainly," resumed Hookem, rubbing his whiskers,— "Cash in fourteen days—the prompt, you know,—the prompt"—

"Cash, on delivery," insisted the other, "Discount 2½ per cent."

"Well," said Hookem with pleasing affability, "Mr. Storks knows best. Leave the goods, and if it's all right, when my partner comes in, we'll send a cheque for the amount."

The stranger lifted his thumb and forefinger to his right eye, which he disturbed considerably. "Will you be so kind as to look here?"

"Well, Sir?"

"Do you see any thing *particularly* green there?" demanded the stranger. "Come, John, away with the goods, and in a moment the goods were hoisted into the cart, and the stranger had departed.

"Very extraordinary this," remarked Mr. Brown.

"Oh! my dear Sir, not at all," said Hookem carelessly, "these little things happen every day in business," and he led the way into the counting-house, where, to Mr. Brown's still greater astonishment, Mr. Storks (who had just been declared to be out) was calmly seated at his desk.

"Well, my good friend, and how have you succeeded with the lady?" demanded Storks.

Thereupon Mr. Brown detailed his non-success, and the cause of it. The partners looked not a little disappointed at this result. "It can't be helped," said Storks, musing—"a sad pity too. But, my dear Sir, you told me yesterday you were engaged this afternoon. We can dispense with your attendance for to-day. Nay, I insist,"—and in the kindest and most friendly manner imaginable Mr. Brown was ejected from the counting-house.

Mr. Dunn Brown was a gentleman who was a slow hand at suspicion, but a sure one when he once laid hold upon it. Some of my readers may be inclined to think that he had but slight reasons for his doubts, but he was not of that opinion. He returned, therefore, to Wood-street in about three hours. Where were Messrs. Storks and Hookem?

"They'll be back in half an hour," said the porter, "they told me to order half-a-dozen of wine from the Sun, and they're coming with Mr. Downey to drink it."

"Where is Mr. Miggle?"

"Oh! he's gone for good—he's packed off, I fancy; I heard 'em say they didn't want him any longer."

"Dick," said Mr. Brown, in a voice of strong emotion, "how long have you been here?"

"Why nearly two months," answered Dick, "and it's the queerest place I was ever at in all my born days. Somehow, I think, Mr. Brown, all's not right here."

"What do you mean, Dick?" faltered Brown.

"I mean as I think, they're rum ones, but you're a gentleman," said the porter.

"Here, take these two sovereigns, Dick," said Brown suddenly; "you must conceal me in the warehouse somewhere: I mean to see the end of this night's business. Why the warehouse is nearly empty."

"I believe you, it is," said the man grieved, "all but these blessed bales, full of sawdust, and old rags and such like."

Mounted, however, upon one of these inexplicable bales which commanded a view, through a ventilator, of the counting-house, sat Mr. Brown motionless, as though he had been stuck thereto with adhesive plaster, and awaiting the arrival of his respectable partners.

They came at last, accompanied by their friend Mr. Downey. "You may go, Dick," said Mr. Storks, "we shan't want you any more to-night;" and as Dick departed, and the gentlemen entered the counting house, Mr. Brown verily thought that his heart was bent upon breaking his ribs.

It was not long before these convivial souls were seated round a small table over a glass of wine.

"Well, these bills all fall due on the day after to-morrow," remarked Storks. "About six thousand odd, no trifle." "For Brown to take up," added Hookem.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Downey. "I think we have physicked him."

"I wish we could have drawn old mother Softun," said Hookem.

"That was unfortunate, certainly," said Storks, "but never mind, ten thousand is not so bad a haul."

"Where shall we be this time to-morrow night?" said Hookem.

"Why, I *rather* think, at Liverpool," replied Downey. "The vessel sails at 4 p. m."

Mr. Brown has since stated, that he never could precisely recollect how he left the warehouse on that evening,—and whether or no he took the shortest cut to the Mansion House. He, however, distinctly remembers his interview with the Lord Mayor, who, giving instructions, and a slip of paper to three respectable looking individuals, requested them to accompany him to Wood Street, Cheapside.

Messrs. Storks, Hookem, and Downey were taken into custody, and either being unable to explain the nature of their complicated mercantile transactions, or his lordship being too obtuse to comprehend such involved details of business, they were sent to prison, and in due time brought before a self-willed judge, and a pig-headed jury.

It is distressing to be compelled to state, in conclusion, that these highly respectable men were desired to embark immediately for the extremely fine and salubrious climate of New South Wales.



Andrew Jackson.

late President of the United States.

London. April. 1837.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

OF the many extraordinary men who have arisen within the last three quarters of a century in the western hemisphere, probably not one has arisen to so great a celebrity amongst foreign nations as the present citizen and soldier who has just retired from the office of President of the United States.

The history of such a man is the property of the world. International prejudices are now so rapidly passing to oblivion, and so complete is the reconciliation between the elder and the junior branches of the family of England, that the enthusiastic respect entertained for this illustrious man is probably not less upon the eastern than on the western side of the Atlantic.

With these most cordial acknowledgments we proceed to examine the life of General Jackson, which has recently been published by Mr. Cobbett, being a compilation and *mutilation* from the work of Mr. Eaton, the brother-in-law and companion in arms of General Jackson. To serve the purpose of bolstering up his own ridiculous opinions upon the subject of paper-money, Mr. Cobbett has interpolated and engrafted a mass of absurdity and vulgarity upon the fair and gentlemanly work of Mr. Eaton, and this *mélange* he has dedicated, under pretence that General Jackson was an Irishman, to the people whose religious prejudices rendered them the purchasers of some hundreds of thousands of copies of his "History of the Protestant Reformation." We purpose, however, to separate the chaff from the wheat, and accordingly, passing over the preface of Mr. Cobbett and the dedication to his customers in Ireland, we come to the narrative of Mr. Eaton, which commences as follows:—

"Andrew Jackson was born on the 15th day of March, 1767. His father (Andrew), the youngest son of his family, emigrated to America from Ireland during the year 1765, bringing with him two sons, Hugh and Robert, both very young. Landing at Charleston, in South Carolina, he shortly afterwards purchased a tract of land, in what was then called the Waxsaw settlement, about forty-five miles above Camden, at which place the subject of this history was born. Shortly after his birth his father died, leaving three sons to be provided for by their mother. She appears to have been an exemplary woman, and to have executed the arduous duties which had devolved on her with great faithfulness and with much success. To the lessons she inculcated on the youthful minds of her sons, was, no doubt, owing, in a great measure, that fixed opposition to British tyranny and oppression which afterwards so much distinguished them. Often would she spend the winter's evenings in recounting to them the sufferings of their grandfather at the siege of Carrickfergus, and the oppressions exercised by the nobility of Ireland over the labouring poor, impressing it upon them, as a first duty, to expend their lives,

if it should become necessary, in defending and supporting the natural rights of man.

"Inheriting but a small patrimony from their father, it was impossible that all the sons could receive an expensive education. The two eldest were therefore only taught the rudiments of their mother tongue at a common country school. But Andrew, being intended by his mother for the ministry, was sent to a flourishing academy at the Waxsaw meeting-house, superintended by Mr. Humphries. Here he was placed on the study of the dead languages, and continued, until the revolutionary war, extending its ravages into that section of South Carolina where he then was, rendered it necessary that every one should betake himself to the American standard, seek protection with the enemy, or flee his country. Therefore, at the tender age of fourteen, accompanied by his brother Robert, he hastened to the American camp, and engaged actively in the service of his country.

"At this time Lord Rawdon was in possession of all the lower parts of South Carolina, and after several unsuccessful skirmishes with detachments of the British troops, Andrew Jackson and his brother were made prisoners. Being placed under guard, Andrew was ordered in a very imperious tone, by a British officer, to clean his boots, which had become muddied in crossing the street. This order he positively and peremptorily refused to obey, alleging that he looked for such treatment as a prisoner of war had a right to expect. Incensed at his refusal, the officer aimed a blow at his head with a drawn sword, which would very probably have terminated his existence had he not parried its effects by throwing up his left hand, on which he received a severe wound, the mark of which he bears to this hour. His brother, at the same time, for a similar offence, received a deep cut on his head, which subsequently occasioned his death. They were both now taken to jail, where, separated and confined, they were treated with marked severity, until a few days after the battle before Camden, when, in consequence of a partial exchange, they were both released from confinement. Robert, during his confinement in prison, had suffered greatly; the wound on his head all this time having never been dressed, was followed by an inflammation of the brain, which, in a few days after his liberation, brought him to the grave. To add to the afflictions of Andrew, his mother, worn down by grief and her incessant exertions to provide clothing and other comforts for the suffering prisoners, who had been taken from her neighbourhood, expired in a few weeks after her son, near the lines of the enemy, in the vicinity of Charleston. Andrew, the last and only surviving child, confined to a bed of sickness, occasioned by the sufferings he had been compelled to undergo whilst a prisoner and by getting wet on his return from captivity, was thus left in the wide world without a human being with whom he could claim a near relationship. The small-pox about the same time having made its appearance upon him, had well-nigh terminated his sorrows and his existence.

"Having at length recovered from his complicated afflictions, he entered upon the enjoyment of his estate, which, although small,

would have been sufficient under prudent management to have completed his education on the liberal scale which his mother had designed."

In his eighteenth year, with diminished means, he turned his attention to the study of the law, repairing for that purpose in 1784 to Salisbury, in North Carolina. Here he remained until the winter of 1786, when he obtained a license from the judges to practise, and continued in the state of North Carolina till the spring of 1788.

At this period Jackson determined upon seeking his fortune in the new country of Tennessee, and the following is the account of his early career in that state as given by Mr. Eaton:—"The western parts of the state of Tennessee were about this time often spoken of as presenting flattering prospects to adventurers. He immediately determined to accompany Judge M'Nairy, who had been appointed and was going out to hold the first supreme court that had ever sat in the state. It had not been Jackson's intention certainly to make Tennessee the place of his future residence; his visit was merely experimental, and his stay remained to be determined by the advantages that might be disclosed; but finding soon after his arrival that a considerable opening was offered for the success of a young attorney, he determined to remain. To one of refined feelings the prospect before him was certainly not of an encouraging cast. As in all newly-settled countries must be the case, society was loosely formed, and united by few of those ties which have a tendency to enforce the performance of moral duty and the right execution of justice. The young men of the place, adventurers from different sections of the country, had become indebted to the merchants: there was but one lawyer in the country, and they had so contrived as to retain him in their business; the consequence was, that the merchants were entirely deprived of the means of enforcing against those gentlemen the execution of their contracts. In this state of things Jackson made his appearance at Nashville; and, while the creditor class looked to it with great satisfaction, the debtors were sorely displeased. Applications were immediately made to him for his professional services, and on the morning after his arrival he issued seventy writs. To those prodigal gentlemen it was an alarming circumstance; their former security was impaired; but that it might not wholly depart, they determined to force him in some way or other to leave the country, and to effect this, broils and quarrels with him were to be resorted to. This, however, they soon abandoned, satisfied by the first controversy in which they had involved him; and his decision and firmness were such as to leave no hope of effecting any thing through this channel. Disregarding the opposition raised to him, he continued with care and industry to press forward in his professional course, and his attention soon brought him forward and introduced him to a profitable practice. Shortly afterwards, he was elevated to the office of attorney-general of the state, in which capacity he continued for several years."

During this period his military talents were called into frequent service in the duty of repelling the incursions of the surrounding Indian tribes; and at length in 1796 his reputation was such that he

was appointed one of the commissioners for drawing up the constitution of the state of Tennessee. This instrument displayed his talent for legislation to such advantage, that in the same year he was elected a member of the House of Representatives in congress; and in the following year, though little more than thirty years old, he was elected to the high station of a senator from the state of Tennessee. It appears that Jackson was too inflexible and honourable a man to enter into the intrigues of the federal city, and finding himself in a perpetual minority in congress, and that the stern path of duty led to no advantages for his constituents or his country, he resigned in the following year a post which he declared would be better filled by those who understood the windings of intrigue. He was next appointed one of the judges of the supreme court of the state of Tennessee, an office which he accepted with reluctance, in distrust of his own acquirements in the law, and which he afterwards resigned, to retire, as he believed for ever, from all public life. Upon his farm, which is ten miles from Nashville, on the beautiful Cumberland river, he now resided for many years, possessed of health, comparative wealth, an amiable wife, and all the satisfactions of an upright and enlightened mind.

In the year 1812, when war had been declared between England and America, Jackson appeared again upon the stage. The country of the Mississippi being supposed to be in danger, Jackson descended to meet the invaders at the head of 2500 volunteers, arriving at Natchez in January 1813. This storm, however, disappeared, and all fear of an immediate landing of the enemy in Louisiana being at an end, Jackson returned with his troops to Tennessee in the month of May. In October of the same year commenced his famous Indian campaign. The necessity of passing on to events better known to the European world prevents us from giving more than a faint outline of his achievements in this celebrated war. In a wilderness country, without provisions, clothing, or ammunition, sometimes even from day to day, with raw and undisciplined levies, unaccustomed to privation, spirit-broken by hunger, and often mutinously marching homeward, yet did the unconquerable spirit of the general overcome all dangers from within and without, carry post after post, and finally annihilate the most formidable force ever brought into the field by the Indian tribes. The conduct of this man is indeed a study to those who aspire to that mastery over adverse circumstances which is the distinguishing mark of all great military men. His addresses to the troops in the course of this campaign are also remarkable for great animation. The following is a specimen:—

“ You have, fellow soldiers, at length penetrated the country of your enemies. It is not to be believed that they will abandon the soil that embosoms the bones of their forefathers without furnishing you an opportunity of signalizing your valour. Wise men do not expect, brave men will not desire it. It was not to travel unmolested through a barren wilderness that you quitted your families and homes, and submitted to so many privations; it was to avenge the cruelties committed upon our defenceless frontiers by the inhuman Creeks, instigated by their no less inhuman allies; you shall not be disap-

pointed. If the enemy flee before us, we will overtake and chastise him; we will teach him how dreadful, when once aroused, is the resentment of freemen. But it is not by boasting, that punishment is to be inflicted or victory obtained. The same resolution that prompted us to take up arms must inspire us in battle. Men thus animated, barbarians can never conquer. The reliance of our enemies will be upon the damage they can do whilst you are asleep; their hopes shall fail them in the hour of experiment. Soldiers who know their duty are not to be taken by surprise. Our sentinels will never sleep: yet, whilst it is enjoined upon the sentinels vigilantly to watch the approach of the foe, they are, at the same time, commanded not to fire at shadows. Imaginary danger must not deprive them of entire self-possession.

"Great reliance will be placed by the enemy on the consternation they may be able to spread through our ranks by the hideous yells with which they commence their battles; but brave men will laugh at such efforts to alarm them. It is not by bellowings and screams that the wounds of death are inflicted. You will teach these noisy assailants how weak are their weapons of warfare, by opposing them with the bayonet. What Indian ever withstood its charge? what army of any nation ever withstood it long?"

Peace being now concluded with the Indians, who were thus detached from their English alliance, Jackson, in the spring of 1814, was appointed to the protection of the lower country, against which a tremendous expedition was then in preparation. He reached the city of New Orleans on the 1st December, and the enemy landed on the 23rd; but the various skirmishes previous to the great battle fought on the 8th January, 1815, our limits will not permit us to describe. The English army was now within six miles of the city, upon an open plain on the margin of the Mississippi. The following is the account of Mr. Eaton of the position of the American army, and of the famous events of the 8th January, 1815:—"Our general had formed his line behind a deep ditch, that stretched to the swamp at right angles from the Mississippi river. There were two circumstances strongly recommending the importance of this place: the swamp, which from the high lands at Baton Rouge skirts the river at irregular distances, and in many places is almost impervious, had here approached within four hundred yards of the Mississippi, and hence, from the narrowness of the pass, was more easily to be defended; added to which there was a deep canal, whence the dirt being thrown on the upper side, already formed a tolerable work of defence. Behind this his troops were formed, and proper measures adopted for increasing its strength, with a determination never to abandon it, but there to resist to the last, and valiantly to defend those rights which were sought to be outraged and destroyed.

"The 8th of January at length arrived. The day dawned, and the signals intended to produce concert in the enemy's movements were descried. On the left near the swamp a sky-rocket was perceived rising in the air, and presently another ascended from the right next the river. They were intended to announce that all was prepared and ready to proceed and carry by storm a defence which had twice

foiled their utmost efforts. Instantly the charge was made, and with such rapidity that our soldiers at the out-posts with difficulty fled in.

"The British batteries, which had been demolished on the 1st of the month, had been re-established during the preceding night, and heavy pieces of cannon mounted, to aid in their intended operations. These now opened, and showers of bombs and balls were poured upon our line, while the air was lighted with their congreve rockets. The two divisions, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham in person and supported by Generals Keane and Gibbs, pressed forward, the right against the centre of General Carroll's command, the left against our redoubt on the levee. A thick fog that obscured the morning enabled them to approach within a short distance of our entrenchment before they were discovered. They were now perceived advancing with firm, quick, and steady pace, in column, with a front of sixty or seventy deep. Our troops, who had for some time been in readiness and waiting their appearance, gave three cheers, and instantly the whole line was lighted with the blaze of their fire. A burst of artillery and small arms, pouring with destructive aim upon them, mowed down their front and arrested their advance. In our musketry there was not a moment's intermission: as one party discharged their pieces another succeeded; alternately loading and appearing, no pause could be perceived—it was one continued volley. The columns already perceived their dangerous and exposed situation. Notwithstanding the severity of our fire, which few troops could for a moment have withstood, some of those brave men pressed on, and succeeded in gaining the ditch in front of our works, where they remained during the action, and were afterwards made prisoners. The horror before them was too great to be withstood, and already were the British troops seen wavering in their determination, and receding from the conflict. At this moment, Sir Edward Pakenham, hastening to the front, endeavoured to encourage and inspire them with renewed zeal. His example was of short continuance: he soon fell mortally wounded in the arms of his aide-de camp, not far from our line. Generals Gibbs and Keane also fell, and were borne from the field dangerously wounded. At this moment General Lambert, who was advancing at a small distance in the rear with the reserve, met the columns precipitately retreating, and in great confusion. His efforts to stop them were unavailing, they continued retreating until they reached a ditch, at the distance of four hundred yards, where, a momentary safety being found, they were rallied and halted.

"The loss of the British in the main attack on the left bank has been at different times variously stated. The killed, wounded, and prisoners, ascertained on the next day after the battle by Colonel Hayne, the inspector-general, places it at twenty-six hundred. General Lambert's report to Lord Bathurst makes it but two thousand and seventy. From prisoners, however, and information and circumstances derived through other sources, it must have been even greater than is stated by either. Among them was the commander-in-chief, and Major-General Gibbs, who died of his wounds the next day, besides many of their most valuable and distinguished officers, while

the loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was but *thirteen*. Our effective force at the line on the left bank was three thousand seven hundred; that of the enemy at least nine thousand. The force landed in Louisiana has been variously reported; the best information places it at about fourteen thousand. A part of this acted with Colonel Thornton; the climate had rendered many unfit for the duties of the field, while a considerable number had been killed and wounded in the different contests since their arrival. Their strength, therefore, may be fairly estimated on the 8th at the number we have stated; at any rate not less."

This description of a battle so glorious to the American general is certainly not told in a boasting or exaggerated strain. The writer of this notice has the advantage of a personal knowledge of the field and surrounding country, and can state that the exposition of the localities by Mr. Eaton is clear and graphic. The position of Jackson was one of the most judicious and impregnable ever taken up, and the assault by our troops was a most rash and senseless affair. No chance at any time existed of forcing a passage to the city through the American lines, unless when the moat should be bridged with the bodies of the dead. On the other hand, the defences on the right bank of the Mississippi were so slight, that Sir Edward Pakenham, by crossing the river in full force, might have sat down in front of New Orleans, and soon, by means of shells and hot shot, laid in ashes or reduced to capitulate a city lying on a plain with extensive ranges of wooden erections, and containing numbers of influential persons not disaffected to the English cause. It is apparent that Jackson was therefore favoured by the incapacity of the opposite commander; for Sir Edward Pakenham was possessed of no enlargement of mind, no genius for strategy, and scarcely any knowledge whatever of the art of war. His valour, however, cannot be denied, for he died whilst cheering on his men, and in the midst of the carnage of his own creation.

It is due to the memory of this unfortunate commander, and to the improving spirit which now exists between the people of England and America, that we should here notice the reflections in which Mr. Eaton indulges upon the reported promise of Sir Edward Pakenham to give up the city of New Orleans to be plundered by his troops. It has long been believed in the United States that "*Beauty and Booty*" were the words of the British commander at the commencement of the battle of the 8th January. Mr. Eaton indignantly exclaims:—"Let it be remembered of that gallant but misguided general, who has been so much deplored by the British nation, that, to the cupidity of his soldiers he promised the wealth of the city as a recompence for their gallantry and desperation; while, with brutal licentiousness, they were to revel in lawless indulgence, and triumph uncontrolled over female innocence." Now in this edition of the work of Mr. Eaton, published in March 1834, it is an unpardonable omission of Mr. Cobbett not to have inserted the following declaration made in 1833 by the distinguished officers whose names it bears. To repair the defalcation of Mr. Cobbett, and to do justice to all parties, we think it our duty to place this declaration in our pages:—

"Now we, the undersigned, serving in that army, and actually present, and through whom all orders to the troops were promulgated, do, in justice to the memory of that distinguished officer, who commanded and led the attack, the whole tenor of whose life was marked by manliness of purpose and integrity of view, most unequivocally deny that any such promise was ever held out to the army, or that the watchword asserted to have been given out was ever issued; and further, that such motives could never have actuated the man who, in the discharge of his duty to his king and country, so eminently upheld the character of a true British soldier.

"That a refutation of the above calumnies not having before appeared, is solely to be attributed to their not having come to the knowledge of the undersigned that they existed, until the work from which they are taken was given to the public in the present year, 1833.

"(Signed) JOHN LAMBERT, Lieut.-General.
JOHN KEANE, Lieut.-General.
W. THORNTON, Major-General.
EDW. BLAKENEY, Major-General.
ALEX. DICKSON, Colonel.
Deputy Adjt.-Gen. Royal Artillery."

After the battle of the 8th January our troops were re-embarked without further molestation, and the campaign in the lower country being now at an end, the saviour of his country returned in the month of March to domestic life upon his farm in Tennessee.

In 1821, upon the purchase of the Floridas from the crown of Spain, Jackson was appointed governor of those provinces, and in 1828 he was elected President of the United States of America. His conduct in that great station on the questions of the Tariff, the Bank, and the Indian tribes, it comes not within our province to describe.

In person, General Jackson is tall and thin, whilst his manners are familiar and have nothing of the sternness which has sometimes been supposed. His wife has been dead for many years, and left him no issue, nor is it probable that his own constitution, exhausted by the toils of war and the fatigues of his political career, will endure to a very old age. It cannot be disputed that his history, when completed by his death, will be that of one of the most illustrious warriors and statesmen to be found in the annals of time.

Of relations, this distinguished personage has now absolutely none. His niece, an amiable lady, the wife of Mr. Donaldson, a gentleman in office at Washington, has died within the last six months, and the general is now entirely alone in the world. His own sojourn upon earth is supposed to be rapidly drawing to a close, for an habitual expectoration of blood has been thought to forbid the probability of his even surviving to the close of his presidential term of office, which expires in the spring of the present year.

REFLECTIVE LINES ON THE GENIUS OF
COLERIDGE.

I LOVE thee, love thee, Christabel! but chief
 Thy meek and timid innocence I love,
 The bending down of thy unconscious brow,
 The crossing of thy white arms o'er thy breast,
 When evil, like a harlot, at thy side—
 Her deadly hate envenom'd in the garb
 Of bland persuasion serpent-tongued and soft—
 Stands whispering! oh! must I love thee then!
 And my soul pants to bear thee eager aid,
 And my heart follows, where my eyes essay
 To find thee; and my arms are stretched out
 To clasp thee to thy home, my yearning breast,
 And thou art *gone*!

* * * *

Coleridge! in tenderness thou wert a dove:
 But thy deep heart had warmer strains within,
 And if its lesser notes might make the tribe
 Of forest-warblers burst their throats for spite,
 How proudly went its nobler utterings forth
 When patriotism struck the thrilling chords
 And burning indignation gave them tongue!
 Thou wert majestic then, yet simple too;
 Free without effort, eloquent with grace,
 Rising, retiring like some restless sea,
 The ripple of whose tiniest wave is harmony!

Yet pause not here! another charm was thine,
 A fairer charm than all, thou wondrous man!
 (For not a bard could ever give it voice,
 And it hath died with thee; but o'er thy grave
 I ween it flutters yet on airy wings!)
 The *magic* of the muse! the difficult art
 Of drawing feelings from forbidden things,
 Of grafting gentle sympathies upon
 Corruption's barren roots, and budless boughs!
 Of clothing fancy though a clay-cold corpse
 With such a hue and fragrancy that time
 Can neither dim, nor cast away, nor quench,
 The beauty brightening o'er the brow of Death!

Oh wild, yet tender! sweet, yet sublime bard!
 Thy race is run on earth, thy lyre is mute!
 Those hands, that often from responsive strings
 Drew notes as sweet as angel-songs, are cold!
 Those lips, which never open'd but to breathe
 The dying thoughts that men still treasure up,
 Are breathless now! thy heart hath ceas'd to beat!

* * * *

THE BARON COURT OF LITTLE BROUGHT-IN.

BY THE GHOST OF SWIFT.

CHAP. I.—COMPOSITION OF THE COURT.

“ Let the devil upon the roof,
 If the devil be thunder-proof,
 With a poker fiery red,
 Crack the stones and melt the lead,
 And drive them down on every skull,
 When the den of thieves is full.”

SWIFT, of the *Manor Court of Furyfield*.

THE many important questions which come on for discussion in full assemblage of the Baron Court of LITTLE BROUGHT-IN, and the opinions which are thereupon delivered by the several members, in language elsewhere unparalleled in the annals of public debating, ancient or modern, are above all admiration.

But before stating the nature and reporting the proceedings of these all-engrossing cases, it may be necessary to say something of the forms, functions, and functionaries, of the high and honourable assembly, who sit upon them with most maternal incubation. The Barony of Little Brought-in is composed of three distinct manors, *Hangfield*, *Heathfield*, and *Furyfield*. The first of these gets its name from a certain *gentle slope* on its surface, which, though occasionally a little disastrous to the unwary, is yet understood to be of great service in the way of drainage. The second is named simply after its physical aspect, which is, however, beautifully expressive in an intellectual and moral sense. The third is named from the peculiar fact, that in that manor friendship and fighting mean exactly the same thing. As illustrative of this it may be mentioned, that it requires nothing more than the display of a certain pocket-handkerchief to set all the clod-hoppers of the manor together by the ears. This pocket-handkerchief is called the “—— and Blood Flag,” probably because it is orange on the one side and purple on the other, and it is inscribed in the church character “fear and fighting,” it being understood that the orange is symbolical of the effects of the first, and the purple of the effects of the second. So much for the three manors which compose the Barony of Little Brought-in, which also contains a few out-farms, but the folks upon these are never called upon to attend the Baron Court.

Next we must say a little of the persons of whom this court is made up. In the first place there is the Baron himself, who is always “*the Baron*,” whatever other title he may have, and he is not understood to take any part in the proceedings of the court, further than bidding the members *do as little as ever they can*, before they begin, and thanking them for their *perfect obedience* when all is over.

The members consist of persons from all the three manors, great part of whom are called “*delicates*”—no doubt from there being no

scandal in their scolding whatever words they may use. They are just such men as can be picked up about the farms and the hamlets, and the proscription hovels upon the commons; and some of them are from the church towns, and these are strongly suspected of being "resurrection-men," because they are always speaking about "ancestors." It would not be easy, neither would it perhaps be civil in all cases, to scrutinize too closely the means by which the members of this court are selected, and perhaps the most charitable construction is that the persons sent there are those who are of the least use at home; this being what is called "the principle of political economy" in Little Brought-in.

If these parties were at home in the manors, one forking dung, a second scouring a hedge, a third grubbing up thistles, and a fourth looking after the pigs, they would be all plain Jack, and Tom, and Bill, and Harry; but it is astonishing what names the fellows assume, and how they strut and show their *legs*, when once they come to the Baron Court. They are all mere clod-hoppers, with only half as many hands as an ape or legs as a donkey; and yet they call themselves knights, and lords, and dukes, and give themselves such fantastic airs of importance, that if all the world were to see and hear them, all the world would be perfectly astonished. Even if the "rat-catcher" were to get in there—and it is said that his services are often much wanted, he would huff and look big, and threaten you with the vengeance of the Baron Court if you did not call him "the *honourable gentleman*," and say "Yes, Sir," "No, Sir," at every word, just as though you were a lacquey speaking to "a person of quality."

The Baron is, generally speaking, a very good easy sort of man, and never needs take the trouble of breeding either pigs or poultry, unless for his private amusement. In consequence of his overlooking those little unintentional blunders which the members of the court will occasionally commit, they are careful to keep him in a warm kitchen, a good joint on the table, and a tankard of as capital stingo as all the three manors can afford. His saucepans too are all kept nice and clean, and his cooks and scullions have aprons as white as the driven snow. The Baron's Lady is dressed up like any duchess, and never puts her hand to an article except she takes a fancy to it. When there is an increase of the baron's family there is great rejoicing, and ringing of bells, and blowing of horns, and firing of squibs; and the court order a handsome caudle-cup and cover for the lady, and a pap-boat, cradle, and blanket for the young baron, together with a soft nightcap for the baron himself, in order that he may enjoy his rest after his labour. In short, there is no landlord more beloved or better served by his tenants than the baron of Little Brought-in, and there are few that deserve it half as much. His kitchen is known all the world over for the vast quantity of broken meat which is distributed to the poor, especially to those who have seen better days or who are longing to see them. It would do the heart of any Christian man, or woman either, good, to see such sights of beggars as crowd about the baron's kitchen, each with a dish bigger than another, and none of them sent empty away. In they go, men, women, and children, wearing all sorts of dresses, and speaking all sorts of lan-

guages. As they go in they all look as hungry as hawks, and as lank as weasels; but as they come out with their full dishes, and something to drink in their side-pockets, they appear the plumpest and happiest creatures upon earth, and conduct themselves as if their whole lives were spent in merry-making. The cooks and scullions take a pleasure in gratifying both the tastes and the appetites of these beggars, and are understood to have full license to give their own poor relations a share with the rest. The charity of the baron's kitchen is charity indeed, which "thinketh no evil," for many a one gets a good picking there that has been rejected by the parish on the score of illegitimacy; and it is understood that a great tub of pap or gruel, nicely sweetened, is always kept in readiness for the poor little things that have nobody to look after them. This does great credit to the feelings of the baron and those about him, and it holds the scales of justice so steadily even, that the weight of an elephant could not turn them a hair-breadth either way. The baron, it must be understood, is what is vernacularly termed "the *great Billydacus*," within all the three manors and their dependencies. In virtue of this he can, whenever he pleases, pardon one human being for putting another out of the world; and it would be strange indeed if he could not pardon another human being for helping to bring one in.

It would take a month to enumerate all the fineries and all the commendable things belonging to and growing out of the baron's establishment. There are such squads of lacqueys and such troops of horses always parading before his door; and he cannot so much as blow his nose without a dozen of ladies and as many gentlemen running up to him with the best bandanna handkerchiefs, spick-and-span new out of the shop. So great, indeed, is the expectoration in the baron's establishment, and so vast the number of handkerchiefs thereby required, that the place where they are made is called "Spittle" fields, in honour of the use that is made of the handkerchiefs.

It would be delightful to enumerate all the fineries, the feastings, and the delicate enjoyments of the baron and his establishment, which make them the admiration and the envy of the whole world. But, in the mean time, we have to do with the court, and we must mention the way in which the members of it come by all the fine names that get them so much estimation in their own eyes. We have already noticed how *any* member of the court would huff, and bully, and threaten, if you did not call him an "honourable gentleman;" and if you should, which is not impossible, catch him with his hand in your pocket, or, which is more likely, with his hand in the pocket of every man not a member of the court, he would still be quite as honourable a gentleman as ever.

The next step above the honourable gentleman is the "*right honourable*," which does not at all imply that the former is a *wrong* honourable, but merely that it is a higher degree of honour. They have some very curious degrees of comparison, by the way, in the Baron Court. For instance, they have *right* simply, which is the same on both sides; *righter*, in which the side toward the party using

it is more right than the other side ; *rightest*, which means that the sides are still more unlike ; and *all right*, which means that all the right is on the one side. There are many more curious usages of language in the court, as, for instance, they call a man who says nothing a "speaker," and cry "hear, hear," always when they are resolved not to hear one word. But, in order to understand half the singular phrases that are used in the court, one would require to turn Lindley Murray inside out, just as is said to be sometimes done with the tongues of the members. But we must revert to the style of right honourable, which, being an addition, makes him who wears it something else than an honourable gentleman.

Well, there is a great euphony in the sound of "right honourable," and yet there is no addition acquired with less trouble ; in fact, it is often a relief for a man to get it. A member of the court has nothing else to do than, upon an occasion of pressing necessity, to get into the baron's privy-council ; and ever after he is "right honourable" all the days of his life. The baron of course laughs in his sleeve at this, but it flatters the vanity of the clod-hoppers, and makes them fag with the power and the patience of mules.

"Sir" is the next "grade" in the ascent, but it does not count in the court. The word is of doubtful origin, having, as it is said, been bestowed by a facetious Baron on a joint of beef—both "before" and "after," with the adjunct "loin" in the one case, and "*reverentia*" in the other. The mode of getting it is, however, a little curious. The person who wishes to have it goes to some of the cooks or scullions, who pin a three-cornered piece of an old apron like a bib under his chin, with the long corner hanging down his breast. Then they send him to a narrow gallery through which the baron is to pass, there to squelch down on his marrow-bones till the baron comes. If the baron comes hop-skip-and-jump, and goes clean over the expectant, then the latter gathers himself up, and sneaks off by the back-door as if his nose were bleeding. But, if the baron, who always carries a cudgel upon great occasions, gives him a bang on the rump with the cudgel, and says "Get up, Sir, out of my way," the man is "Sir" from that instant, and may say that he is so in the face of the assembled world.

More than this may be done, and made to last till doomsday. If the baron takes out his knife and whacks off the long corner of the bib, it is a special mark of favour, and the man with the cut bib is called a "*baronet*," which means a "little baron." If, farther than this, the baron gives him the cut end of the bib, and a leaf of the paper in common use there, and lets him into the privy-council, the man is entitled to the style of "right honourable baronet," which makes him *really something* in the eyes of the Baron Court.

The other names or additions, on account of which the wearers plume themselves so much in the court and all over the barony, are got nearly in the same ludicrous manner, and when the baron has lifted a batch of them "sky-high," he does so chuckle over it that nobody ever heard the like. And really it is a very amusing sight to see full-grown men, competent (if they had skill enough) to hold a plough

or swing a flail, strutting about with bibs, and favours, and brass buttons hung round their necks and upon the breasts of their jackets, by bits of red tape, and blue tape, and green tape, and some of them with every sort of strings they can get, looking like so many antics before a booth at a fair. But it all has a meaning: the simple folks of the three manors—at least such of them as *cannot read*—are quite delighted with these trappings, and believe that the wearers deserve all the fine names by which they call each other. This must arise in great part from the people being so much occupied upon their farms, and never attending the Baron Court, for there one never knows from what a member says whether he has or has not a bib or a brass button.

So much for the members of the court, at least some of them:—and now for a short notice of the court itself, previous to that of what goes on in it. The court used to meet in the old barn, which was rickety and full of rat-holes, as nobody can tell for how many generations the rats had infested it in great numbers. There were both the sorts of rats there, the black and the brown; and, as nobody can exactly tell in what country rats were first *invented*, an old rat-catcher, who used often to smoke his pipe of an evening over the way at the Chequers, used to give a knowing look and shake of the head whenever rats and the baron's old barn were mentioned in the same sentence, as much as to say, "I know when, where, and how they came."

These rats had always been troublesome inmates of the barn, and of late years they got to be perfect pests, the more so that they made their holes at the one side of the barn, and used their teeth against the other. They whisked about the benches upon which the members sat, and gnawed their buckskins in such a manner that every "seat of honour" in the court was in jeopardy. This got wind all over the barony, and the people often talked about coming against them in a body, but they were for the most part too busy, and they who would have come were so poor as not to be able to buy cudgels wherewith to maul the vermin.

Things got worse and worse every day, and many thought the old barn would come down "like a bagful of horns," and finish the court, and at the same time drive all the rats to the baron's kitchen, which last would have been a sad calamity to the poor beggars. At last the old barn was burnt, nobody could tell how, and some hoped that the rats had all perished in the flames, while others, who had got used to them and liked them, hoped not. Thus wise men will differ; and somebody says that "wisdom is nothing but a concatenation of differences," which is perhaps true.

The old barn could have been spared, and so some thought the rats might; but things would not "jump" at all without the court, and so a temporary shed was patched up until a new barn should be erected, one party insisting that it ought to be rat-proof, and another that it ought not. At all events, the court resolved to have some time and talk about it, and they accordingly met in the temporary shed, which they had no sooner entered, than,—lo and behold,—the

rats were just as numerous as ever they had been in the old barn. The reason of this will appear in good time, but we must take things in their proper order.

The Baron Court of Little Brought-in has two sides and an end. The benches on the one side were, at the time when many important questions came before the court, called the "Mutton-bottoms," and those on the other side the "Pork-bottoms;" but these names are not constant, as the members jig about and cross from the one to the other, at a certain air which the baron occasionally plays, sometimes on the *haut-bois*, and at other times on the *German-flute*, the latter being a very soft and sweet-toned instrument in the baron's hands. At times also, these parties would shift sides of the court from understandings among themselves. But change as they might, each party professed to adhere to the same notions of things, which they called *principles*, but there were some folks who said they were only *professions*, though this might be jealousy as they who said so were of neither party. At all events that is matter of opinion, and we wish to stick to matters of fact.

The Mutton-bottoms contended that every man who had a plough of his own ought to kill his own mutton, if so inclined; that every able-bodied cottager, whether handicraft or labourer, should, if he chose, keep a pig entirely for his own use; and that even a lone woman in a sufferance cabin might keep two or three fowls.

The Pork-bottoms, on the other hand, were furiously opposed to the Mutton-bottoms on all these three points. They contended that no man who put his hand to a plough, or any other implement of work, had any business to eat mutton, and that for cottagers to eat pork or have pigs *for themselves*, or for lone women to have fowls, was absolutely "flying in the face of heaven;" and they quoted a number of old statutes, whereby it was provided, that all the muttons, and the pigs, and the pullets, were vested in perpetuity, nine-tenths in the great farmers, to whom the bulk of themselves belonged, and the remaining tenth in the parsons, who were generally the younger branches of their families, or such as were not very fit for any thing else.

They came to issue on these points, the Muttons declaring roundly that "they who win have a right to wear," and the Porks as stoutly bawling out that that would upset "a something" which they called the "constitution." When pushed to tell what this constitution was, they hemmed and mumbled for a time, without being able to catch a definition by the tail; and then they took to their high horse, pleaded what they called their "privilege," and said that "a gentleman had no obligation to explain any thing,—a gentleman's word was enough, and they who would not believe that, might be ——— in their unbelief," to which all their reverend approvers said "amen."

The barony was completely split into parties by these disputes of the Muttons and the Porks in the court. Those who did not understand either side, or even their own notions of things very clearly, sided with the Porks, judging that "the constitution" must be some wonderful thing as nobody appeared to understand anything about it. There was a pleasant story told of the principal overseer of a

large hamlet. He went with a friend to see the sights at a fair, and among the rest there was a "half-shaved bear," which the showman was describing as "Ha monstraceous uge hanimal from the banks of the Horinoccar hin the hinterior of the dessert of Sarah, in Hafricar, which no man had never seen hat no time, before nor hafter. The Horinoccar, Lays and Gemmen, swarms with Korkindales, has big has logs, and this here hanimal cracks 'em like shrimps." "My eyes," said the overseer, "I'm blest if that ar'nt the CONSTITUTION. Nobody has never set eyes on the constitution since Earl Badger and Lord Burkham knocked an eye-tooth out of its head years bygone, though Sir Tricksby made mouths and the Duke shook his fist in their faces all the time. Doctor Shearhog says to me, says he,—we were having a summat at the Hog and Hassock, to put all square about the young 'un—but mum as to that,—says he, "Muggins," says he, "You are a real out-and-out conservatoryary conservative," and I bobs down my head, till smack comes my conk on the oak table, and out comes the claret. "Bravo! Muggins," says the doctor, "shedding your blood in the good cause," and with that he whips out his handkercher, as bright as a sovereign. "That's the colour that pays for blood," says he, and sure enough my conk was staunched in a moment. "I takes courage," and says, "Doctor," says I, "what 's the constitution?" "I never saw it," says he, "it don't come out now, and so the Redcaps are running about gaping like Korkindales (I'm sure he said Korkindales), to swallow up the church and the baron's kitchen, steeples, spits, and all; but when the constitution had all its teeth, it cracked the Korkindales (I'm certain he said Korkindales again) like nuts." "Now though Dr. Shearhog said 'nuts,' and this here man says 'shrimps,' yet both on 'em say 'cracks,' and both on 'em say 'Korkindales;' and thus it is as plain as B, A, C, that this *is* the constitution. So I'll get the doctor to get Sir Tricksby Tailabout and Lord Lyeandareit, to see it with their own eyes; and then, think you they will not be down upon the Muttons like a pair of cleavers?" The friend nodded; but—*hiatus valde deplendus*.

The overseers are not now so much to a man on the side of the Porks as they once were. After Lords Badger and Burkham had knocked out the eye-tooth of the constitution, the bite was all upon the one side; and the Muttons got the whip hand, and, as was supposed, the ear of the baron. Upon this, one of the scullions, by some means or other, got the use of the *flute*, and went siffling about the kitchen to scare the Muttons from the broken meat, and prevent them from injuring the *regular* beggars. But the Muttons did not seem to mind the broken meat *this time*, though one or two got bones, which had been pretty well picked before.

But the Muttons were "at their tricks" in another way. They got the Court to issue what they called a "new Parish pill." The "pills" of the Court were once *terribly drastic*; but they are milder now that the Gambouge—of which the Muttons don't like the colour, has been left out. This pill, all the wardens, overseers, vestrymen, and clerks were commanded to bolt forthwith; and, as the Baron Court will not be gainsaid, down it went. The wardens, and so on, turned as white as sheets; and the clerks retched and

coughed till they were heard all over the manor of Hangfield; and every body said that, to a certainty, they would belch up their bowels—if they had any.

The sufferings of the poor clerks soon came to the ears of Lord Lyeandareit, who had once been a clerk himself, and he resolved to do what he could for them. He had once been a Mutton, but had latterly turned Pork,—some say from suspicion that his wife was a Mutton, though that was mere tattle. At all events, he had gobbled up many things to bring him to the proper lard and bristle; and he was now a Pork of the foremost snout. He got one Sir Speechy Stormcock to help him; and the two had the clerks at the bar of the Court in a jiffy. But they retched and puked so piteously at the bar, and spread such an odour of *black bile* all over the place, that many of the very Porks themselves held *sal volatile* to their noses; and the buckskins of Sir Speechy slipt down, to be out of the way in case of a commotion in his inside. The clerks were therefore soon sent back, bidding the parish officers bear the pill as well as they could in the meantime; and the Porks would give them “conserve of *hips*” to comfort their stomachs, when they came their rounds.

But this was not the whole, or the worst of it; for the parish officers were put upon regimen, in order to render a second dose of the pill unnecessary. Among other things, they were strictly forbidden to run up scores at the alehouse and charge them in the parish accounts, even though the parson had his pipe and pot along with the rest. A sad “hullabaloo” was set up at this. It is a favourite argument among the Porks that “a parson is nothing without a pipe and pot; and a Church is nothing without a parson: *Ergo*, if the parson has no pipe and pot, there will be no Church; and if no Church, no religion; *Ergo*, again, if the parson has not his pipe and pot, the whole inhabitants of Little Brought-in, man, woman, and child, must become pagan heathens.” It was in vain that the Muttons and those who sided with them, said that the parsons could take their pipe and their pot at their own expense in their parsonages like independent family men; for the answer of the Porks invariably was,—“They *won't*. Love for the best interests of his flock will make a parson take a pipe and pot at the parish expense; but you have no hold on him whereby you can make him do the same at his own expense. In the one case, it is a public duty; in the other, it is a private affair with which nobody has any title to interfere.”

It is amazing how this doctrine took with every tail of the parsons'. They loved to spend an hour at the alehouse, where they were “cocks of the walk;” they loved the pipe and pot; and a very few had no objection to chuck the bar-maid under the chin, if she was pretty, which was generally the case in the alehouse “used” by the parish officers. So the parsons were up in arms, preaching against—not sins but Muttons; and really putting the Church in some danger by their zeal in declaring that it was so. The boards of more than fifty pulpits are said to have been cracked by the thumping the very first Sunday;—and it was whispered that

there were other cracks besides. The old women and all the idle fellows about the barony took up the echo of the cry, "The Church is in danger;" and the geese and pigs were often frightened by the noise.

The parish officers, in many instances, went off in a huff, and in others they were turned adrift by the people. New ones came in who were mostly for the Muttons, especially in the large parishes; and many thought that this would in time alter both the Baron Court and the pills,—for the Porks still lay on the catch to get gam-bouge into every pill if they could. Several of the Porks went to a good many places to administer the "conserve of hips," and some are said to have pawned their bibs, and brass buttons, and bits of tape, in order to raise the money; but the people generally took little interest in the matter, the ex-parish officers had the gripes as bad as ever, and the parsons, the old women, and the idle fellows redoubled their cry about the danger of the Church.

Among the great farmers, those who had lately risen from nothing, and those who were falling to nothing, were almost to a man on the side of the Porks. The latter, no doubt, had the broken meat of the baron's kitchen in their eye; and there were also "whys and wherefores" in the case of the former. A former baron took a perfect craze for *field* sports, both in his own barony and in all those about. He would have the game preserved in his way all over the world; and he never minded how many gamekeepers he employed, or at what expense. So he ran up scores for weasel-traps, and fox-traps, and man-traps, and all sorts of game-keepers' engines; and the folks he employed had many a hard bout with the poachers. The master-poacher was, however, "nabbed" at last by Lord Nostoppinghim Nosey, the baron's head game-keeper, and sent to quod. The nabbing of this poacher was a world's wonder, as nobody expected it; but some said it was because he had for some time taken to "coney-catching" upon the flats. However, there never was such fiddling and feasting upon earth as there was in Little Brought-in upon the occasion. But when the cost came to be counted, it was found that the baron was *minus* in a good many hundreds, while the kitchen was literally crammed with superannuated game-keepers, and the wives and families of those who had fallen in the scuffles with the poachers. The tradesmen who had supplied the traps and trappings had feathered their nests to some purpose, and many of them had got large farms and big names, and even been in the privy-council. Others pressed for their balances, and were put on the same footing. These were the characters that had lately got large farms, and many got them who had not breeding enough for behaving themselves like gentlemen. They of course went with the Porks.

Latterly, a good many lawyers, of whom there was of course no lack in the barony, had joined the Porks; and as they could say a great deal without being very particular as to the sense or truth of it, they were welcomed, and well feed for all that they said, which was, of course, their only object in being there. Those who pretended to see farther into futurity than their neighbours, augured

gloomily of the Porks from this. They said, "When carrion crows hover about the flocks and herds, it bodes mortality; and as lawyers are much after the nature of carrion crows, they must smell carrion in the cause of the Porks, otherwise so many of them would not hover about it." This might be nonsense; but certainly it looked very like truth.

The above enumeration will afford the reader some insight into the composition of the party of the Porks; and a very few words will suffice on that of the Muttons. Most of the great farmers of long standing were with them, and the hard-working part of the people were with them to a man—of all those who could stand straight on their own legs. As a party, therefore, the Muttons could snap their fingers at all the world; and they have little to dread, save a return of the mania about preserving the game on other baronies, and on this score there does not appear to be much to excite apprehension in the mean time.

The two parties of the Baron Court of Little Brought-in will, it is trusted, be tolerably well understood from the nature of their composition; and so we may return to the Court-House, where they are arranged on benches opposite to each other. All chance of personal collision in cases of more than ordinary warmth is, however, prevented by a long table in the middle of the floor, which the longest-armed man of either party cannot reach much more than half-way across. There is, therefore, no danger even in the greatest heats (which are sometimes more than natural), that they can come to fisty-cuffs without being seen by the Chairman, who is understood to keep a sharp eye upon any member who, in a state of great excitement, attempts to pass either by the nearer or the further end of the table. If the look of the Chairman does not awe them from this, then there sits at the further end of the room a man, with a spit stuck through a slit in the skirt of his coat, who holds them at bay until the door is shut; and, if necessary, another man without the bar fetches the hand-cuffs out of the coal-hole.

The table serves other useful purposes. A man, with a pen stuck behind his ear, sits at each of the near corners; and there are two great leaden inkstands, which serve either for dipping the pens in to take down useful hints, if any such should be thrown out, or for missiles, in cases of desperation, none of which have, however, occurred in recent times. The spelling-books, dictionaries, ready-reckoners, and all sorts of literary and arithmetical helps, which can be had in the shape of books, are also on the table; but there is no balance, no foot-rule, no compasses, or any thing of that kind, there all matters of quantity being taken by "word of mouth." The 'bacco-box stands on the table at one side, and the snuff-box at the other; but the pipes and the pots are up stairs in the cock-loft, to which all the members have access when they please. The pipes are forbidden, because the Court-House is usually murky enough without them, and the pots would be unhandy things in case of a warm debate; and, to see "Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s Entire" spouting from the one side, and "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire" from the other, would be as unseemly as the display

made by the parish clerks at the bar. The boxes are quite safe, as they are screwed to the table. They are made of good cold iron, and the excited members often hammer out their excess of animation upon them; but they must not give the bangs too hard for fear of their knuckles. A brazen cudgel, with a head as big as a cabbage, also lies on the table. This belongs to the Chairman; and if there is any attempt to cross the cudgels while it lies there, the parties must come down on their marrow-bones, and confess that they are "no gentlemen," which is tantamount to turning them out of the Court.

The "end" of the Court-House is occupied by the Chairman only, though the members sometimes from the Muttons, and at other times from the Porks, come sidling up as if they meant to ear-wig him; but he looks as grave as a judge all the while, and when they move off, he casts a knowing look over both sides, as much as to say, "My good fellows, I know what's what."

One of the most curious things about the Court-House is a score or two of idlers, who are cocked up upon a little shelf at the one end. It is the positive order of the Court that they shall not be there, and in its estimation and belief as a Court they are not there; and yet they are there by the express orders of the individuals who compose the Court. Odd as this seems, it explains much more than one would suppose; for it clearly shows that the members may do one thing as members, and the very opposite in their individual characters as men. This is understood to be the great inducement which many of the members have to get there, and which makes them, especially the Porks (though it is not confined to them), to pay pounds and pounds for bottoms-breadths. They can talk about "patriotism" and "the public good," and a hundred other well-named imaginations, till they get the thoughtless by the ears like rabbits; and then they can dip their hands into other people's pockets without exciting the least suspicion.

Speaking of pockets,—one of the alleged reasons why they will let nobody into the Court-House without the order of a member, is their care to prevent the people from picking each other's pockets. Upon the first face of it this looks very kind and condescending on their part, but there is something deeper in it. They do not hesitate to put their hands into the pockets of the whole barony, only it is by an order of the Court, and thus a duty, not a misdemeanour; and of course they do not wish that a pocket should be picked by any body else, because, when their turn comes, they would find it empty. They do not admit any females,—some say, because they consider the whole sex as little better than pickpockets; though others, with apparently more reason on their side, say that the ladies would think the proceedings so funny, and tee-hee and titter at such a rate, that they would put the younger members clean out, and unsettle the centre of gravity in some of the veterans. These, however, are merely matters of conjecture, from which no positive conclusion can be safely drawn.

One thing wants a little more notice, and that is "the rats," which it seems impossible to burn out, or build out, in the case of the

Baron Court. Their chief resort is under the Pork bottoms, that is, below the seats of honour of the Porks; and the reason why they should chiefly be there, is a matter of grave and profound enquiry. The result of such enquiry seems to be, that the Porks are most about the Baron's kitchen; and as they are known to be sturdy trencher-men, who get very soon hollow in the stomach—the only part, by the way, in which they can *get* hollow,—they come to the Court with junkets of the broken meat in their pockets, especially slices of fat pork and bottoms of gibletpies. These have a savoury *hugue* about them, and wonderfully attract the rats, which may be seen whisking about under the Pork bottoms, switching their tails like little devils, glancing their eyes like drops of melted pitch on the sunny side of a ship in the Greenland seas, and “setting up their pincers” across the Court at the Muttons, as though they could instantly cut up the whole, dead or alive. They sometimes gnaw the buckskins of the Porks, when these have wiped the lard or goose-grease on their buckskins; but they very seldom “cut in” so deep as the brawn, and, when they do, the member outsqueaks all the rats in Christendom, and bolts, neck and heels, clean over to the Muttons. They sneak through below the table much more frequently, and snap at the *calves* of the Muttons, which has taught many of these to wear spatterdashes lined and quilted with *alga marina*, in which the teeth of the rats merely “play buff,”—a trick to which they are said to have been put up by the baron himself, who muffles his German-flute with *alga marina* whenever it gets above concert pitch.

It is said that these rats often cause matters to be decided in a manner very different from what would be if there were no rats in the Court. Many of the members are apt to drop to sleep, some from cramming and infarcting themselves with the junkets, others from pulling too hard at the pots in the cock-loft, and others again from being up all the night before playing at “chuck-farthing,” or “hunt-the-slipper,” games of which *certain members* are monstrously fond. The noses and ears of these, especially those of them that are crammed with the junkets, smell of pork or goose from being wiped and rubbed with handkerchiefs out of the same pockets in which they keep the junkets; and so, when these are dead asleep, the rats will come and give them a tweak or a pinch, which makes them bolt to their feet, wide awake in an instant of time; and, strange to say, they give their opinions just the same as if they had heard all that passed while they were enjoying their snooze.

Many, however, are always wide awake themselves, though not unfrequently great promoters of the sleep of others. Among these there is one “Muddlesix”—so called, some say, because he can muddle the wits of any other half-dozen in the Court, if not put them dead asleep under the table, although others maintain that the true etymon of the name is “mud” *humus*; but be that as it may, there is no putting him to sleep. There is another sadly restless fellow, more recently admitted into the Court, who will never keep himself in a state of repose, either in the Court or any where else. His real name is “Derrinandan,” but folks often call him *Megalosaurus*, from the immense size of his tail. This “tail” is a marvellously

queer instrument, more so than the proboscis of the elephant, which an overseer of a northern parish supposed was a tail, and that the brute made use of it for cramming its stomach at the wrong end. This tail is a *prehensile* instrument certainly, and it is pretty generally believed to be of some service in feeding; but there never was any question raised about its being a nose or other than a real tail. It twines about like a boa constrictor; and the Porks are said to be more afraid of the tail of Derrinandan than of the horns of the whole array of the Muttons. It is said to consist of full forty vertebræ, all articulated with ball and socket joints, and so amply supplied with muscles that they can all work different ways at the pleasure of the wearer. It can also be shortened or lengthened as occasions require; and, as was the case with the tails of the cow-dealers of Heathfield in former times, it can be put on or off, so that the one day Derrinandan will look as if he were all tail, and the very next day he will seem to have no tail at all. Whether it is owing to the handiness of this tail or not, we cannot take upon us to say; but it is an established fact, that the owner of the tail never, upon any one occasion, "*turns tail*" himself. The curious manœuvres of which this organ is capable, have sometimes procured for the owner the name of *Paradoxurus*, or "*puzzle-tail*;" but he has not the exclusive right to that appellation.

The tail of Derrinandan is not the only cause of suspicion about him, especially to the Porks; for he holds out a threat about the "*re-peeling* of an *Onion*, which throws them into sad quandaries. The story of the *Onion*, or rather of the *Onions*, for there have been at least two notable ones in the barony, is worth telling, in order that one may have a proper understanding of the Baron Court, and of what is done there, and why it is done; and so it may be as well to say something about it.

Well, in former times, each of the three manors had its own Manor Court, and there was no Baron Court at all. In consequence of this the farmers and labouring people of Heathfield and Furyfield had kitchens of their own, not quite so well supplied or so abundant in broken victuals as that of the baron has been since all the three were lumped together, but still enough to do many a hungry stomach good; and Hangland was never a bit the richer that the other two manors settled their disputes upon their own ground. The cooks and scullions of the baron's kitchen had long wished to have the fat of all the three manors for their own grease-pots; and so, in the time of "*Goody Nan*," a *she*-baron, whose hot skin had made her stark mad after the parsons, it was resolved to swamp the Manor Court of Heathfield. This was effected by sending down an *Onion* to Heathfield, the smell of which soon put the folks there out of the Manor Court, though only a few of them came up to the Baron Court in Hangland; but "*Goody Nan*," and her cooks, scullions, serving-men, and parsons, only wanted to squabash their Manor Court, after which the Heathfield folks might hang themselves and nobody care three straws about the matter. Goody Nan went to her grave in peace; but in the days of her successor, Godfrey Gorach, who was called to be baron from a paltry little place

over the sea, some of the Heathfield men kicked up a rompus about the smell of the *Onion*, and kept it astir for about thirty years, till at last they got junkets and succumbed, and Heathfield became little better than an alms-dish for some of the most hungry beggars about the baron's kitchen; and so it continued for many days, till at last the Muttons, chiefly at the instance of one Serjeant Argyle, a Heathfield man of more than ordinary *nous*, sent down a pill, which physicked those who had over-eaten themselves, to some purpose both ways. Conveniences, for cases of this sort not being common in Heathfield, some of the parties upon whom the pill took most effect are said to have done every thing in each other's pockets among the bits of junkets—not wishing *what came up* to be seen in their *own* possession; and altogether there was a terrible mess.

It was curious to notice how differently this pill worked upon different constitutions. On those who took it willingly, it had no other effect than that of a gentle tonic, which made them all as merry as grigs; and they were the great bulk of the people. But if any *ugged*, and made faces at it, it griped them terribly; and it was heart-breaking to see them, some retching as if they were to turn inside out, and others quite in a *dead-thraw*, as powerless as dish-clouts. Our business in the mean time, however, is not with the pills but the onions, though the two are not so irrelevant to each other as some may think. The *Onion* which was sent to Heathfield was in the rind, and not in the least peeled, so that it had not a very offensive hugue to the bulk of the people even at the first; and in time they began to like it, and called it a *freet*, which is their way of pronouncing the name. In this they were not far wrong; for whether exactly a fruit or not, an onion is certainly not a root, for it is all on the *upper* side of the collet, which is not the case with any root upon earth, all roots and *Radicals* being restricted to the *under* side of the collet only.

Seeing that the *Onion* had fairly squabashed the Manor Court of Heathfield, it was determined to do the same with that of Furyfield. This was tried in the days when Gunpowder Gaffer was baron—the very same that had such a craze for employing game-keepers all over the world without any regard to the cost. The poachers had run him and his game-keepers rather hard; and some of them had been daring enough to come coney-catching to Furyfield, where they were sheltered by many of the small farmers, and some few of the large ones, especially such as lived on their farms and looked after them. It was even supposed that the Manor Court winked at, and rather encouraged these poachers; and this caused a dread, not on the part of Gaffer, for he was always in the clouds about the gamekeepers, but on that of Billy Dimple, who was the baron's head lacquy at the time. Billy was old enough to remember the tricks which had forced Gaffer to “cut his stick” in the great manor of Westfield, for his own father had fagged tooth and nail to prevent it; and he feared that the same would have to be done in Furyfield; and this made him resolve to send the *Onion*.

So Billy Dimple gets a monstrous big onion, not a mild one like those of the south, but a real Moscovy onion, which is known to be

ranker in the hugue than any other onion upon earth; and this he peeled and peeled, till his own eyes watered at the work, and the snout of him turned up to be out of the line of the *mephitis*,—as any one may see to this day on looking at his brazen effigies in Beggars' Close.

No sooner was this huge peeled onion landed in Furyfield, than all the members of the Manor Court rushed out, some holding handkerchiefs to their noses, and those who had no handkerchiefs holding them with their fingers, or *any thing they could get hold of*. A good many came over to Hangland, where Billy Dimple let them into the Baron Court, or made them free of the kitchen, or both. Very many of them left Furyfield for good; and, strange to say, the very tithe pigs found their way out of the place—when they came to the years of discretion. The parsons would have done the same to a man, had it not been for fear of losing their lien on the tithe pigs.

But the story is too long for telling just now. Suffice it to say, that when the men with the “—— and blood” handkerchiefs got drunk and ran about the manor, bawling out, “The tithe pigs are in peril!” Derrinandan taught the country-folks, first to put their finger in their cheek, and make it “play *bluck*,” and then to halloo and shout, “RE-PEEL THE ONION!” This cry came like a thunderbolt—no, *not* like a thunderbolt, but like something far worse, upon the whole band of the Porks, and the Parsons, and their abettors; and the poor fellows that had been bawling about the tithe pigs were like to belch up their insides to the very bottom. Corporal Slashem-sabre, who had been drummed out of more than one regiment for insolence to his commanding officers, was for crossing the cudgels at once, and Earl Soddenhead flared about his “—— and blood” handkerchief like the old “oriflamme” of a “red-wood” paynim. But the people again put their fingers in their cheeks, and made them play *bluck*, and tee-hee'd, and shouted “Re-peel the Onion! RE-peel the Onion!!” faster than ever; while the baron's bailiff expressly forbade all cudgel-play.

Hitherto the Baron Court has been spoken of as only one; but when, like Derrinandan on field-days, it has all its tail on, it really consists of three: first, “the Baron,” who is always *I*, by himself, *I*; secondly, the members of the *Cushion* chamber, who are sometimes vulgarly, but very vulgarly, termed “the Luds Spoutfire and Terrible;” and thirdly, the common file of the court, who are vulgarly styled “the Comings,”—as some suppose because they are always making a show as if they were *coming* to something comprehensible and useful, but never *actually* come to it. These three are the *component* parts of the whole court. We cannot say that any of them are *constituent* parts; for the whole barony, court and all, are the *constituents* of the baron: the farmers and clod-hoppers are the *constituents* of the comings; and as for the luds, they have *no constituents* at all. At one time, indeed, they had, by hook and by crook, got hold of the constituting of the bulk of the comings, and at that time the comings were really but little better than an old tin kettle clattering at the tail of the luds, which increased the noise that the said luds made in the world, and enabled them to “do what they

liked with their own"—or with other folks's either. It only remains to say something of the luds, before we proceed to the doings of the court; but this is necessary, as nobody can rightly understand a history without some glimmering notions of the subjects of that history.

To define or describe the luds, is quite a poser, and it is rendered more difficult than it perhaps might have been, by some of those who have tried it blackening the one side, and others white-washing the other side, till between them they have made it look more two-faced than Janus; and thus it is precisely what any body, who can think, may think of it.

The luds Spoutfire are, especially, a puzzle upon earth; there being nothing in Little Brought-in, or out of it, with which they can be compared. They are luds in *life rent* not in *tail*, and thus they are incapable of continuing their species. Of course we do not mean that they are physically disqualified,—though there are some Spoutfires who are stated to be so, but these are not recognised as luds, or admitted into the cushion chamber. They arrive at their ludship by hopping twice,—*bis* hop as one would say; and the effects of their hops are curious. They cannot take the second hop without having taken the first one, and the effect of this first one is a total disqualification for the chamber of the comings, even though they substantiate the plea of being "good for nothing else," which many of them can do; and they thus, in a way, swear to a total abandonment of the affairs of this world. The second hop quite undoes all that is done by the first hop. The first is clean out of the world of *fleshes* into that of *spirits*; but the second is back to the *fleshes*, on which a lud Spoutfire may fatten like a porpess. Thus, though a lud Spoutfire may indulge in *ardent* spirits *ad nauseam*, he is as much a lud of the cushion chamber for all manner of worldly business as any other lud whatsoever; and a title to do worldly business in the cushion chamber gives license to do worldly business in any chamber within the three manors.

The luds Terrible stand upon rather a different footing; they are very old, it being maintained by some that "the giants before the flood," "the Anakims," and figuratively "the bulls of Bashan," were luds. A lud founded the largest village in Hangland, and must have been a terrible fellow, for the gallows is still kept up in a place called after "the Old Bully," near another called Lud. The ludship of these Terrible luds descends by a sort of equivocal generation, not in the blood, for the mother may be any body, and so may the father if a lud stands sponsor, and folly and fatuity are no disqualification for the chamber. Nobody can exactly tell in what ludship consists, but there is a power in it which can triumph over all the contingencies upon earth, and no deprivation or depravity can affect it, for the most arrant fool or the veriest rogue may be every inch a lud, as much as the most able and upright man under the moon—or in it. We must, however, let the court tell its own story, which we shall try to do in our next chapter. Wishing all understanding to the reader, we are

THE GHOST OF SWIFT.

THE MISTAKE.

SCENE—A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. TIME—EVENING.

STRANGER AND SEXTON.

STRANGER.

'Tis well: I thank thee, friend. Now go thy way.
 My brow is fevered, and this cool, soft air
 Hath balm and healing—and a voice, beside,
 Akin to that mild welcome which, to those
 Poor in the world's false treasures, is most rare—
 A true friend's greeting. I accept the sign,
 Go—go—old man: the grave is *there*, you say?

SEXTON.

Yes, Sir; the nearest of those two which lie
 Beneath the shadow of the dark old elm.
 (*Aside.*) One of the two I mean, but I'll be hanged
 If I know which. I had the rheumatiz,
 And my son Tom did those two jobs for me.
 But mum—all dust's alike. (*Exit.*)

STRANGER.

Too long—too long
 Away from thee! Exiled in foreign lands,
 And stayed and fettered by the tyrannous wave
 Jealous of this sad comfort, ah, too long
 I knew we should not meet again, and yet
 I would not weep for thee, for well I knew
 The brightness that was planted on thy brow
 Grew there but for a season. Fare thee well,
 Mary, fit sound for angel-tongues to breathe,
 In greeting their new sister—'twas a dream
 Of heaven, to worship thee, when each fond act
 In thy behalf affection prompted, seemed
 A duty pleasant in the eye of Heaven.
 How happy art thou! It is surely sweet
 To leave behind us *one* fair memory—
 One grateful thought for some lone act of peace,
 One tear to hallow, though we feel it not,
 One prayer to soothe our death-hour, one true voice
 To shame the busy slander of this world.
 This to the many; but to *thee*—to *thee*—
 How many hearts that felt thy nobleness
 Bewail the fate which gave the greedy tomb
 So young a tenant! Wherefore art thou here?
 Such sleep were grateful to the fall of years;
 And helpless dotage, and pale idiotcy,
 Drivel and gibber to th' undreaded grave,
 And those who love them mourn not, for they know
 It is their rest and remedy; and oft
 The way-worn pilgrim of life's rougher paths
 By the blest waters of eternity
 Lays down his soul in joy: but what hadst *thou*

With death to do? Did sickness wait on thee?
Pain fix its ghastly seal upon thy cheek?
Did dangers lurk beneath thy trusting step,
Or death's chief arrow—silent, but most sure—
A broken heart—

COUNTRYMAN (*who has been standing by unobserved*).

Noa, Sur, 'twar indisgeshton,
Some'at o' that 'ere sort the doctor said,
He had been dining at the Swan, and ate
A goose, and three black pud—

STRANGER.

Peasant, avaunt;
Prate not of geese and puddings. Know, this dust,
This hallowed dust, was—

COUNTRYMAN.

Old Tom Stubbs, the grocer,
My feyther's uncle. Close old hunks he was,
As ever lived. I'se glad yo' liked 'n so,
For no one else did: thank ye koindly, Sur.

(*Exit STRANGER hastily.*)

W. H. S.

THE MISERIES OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

BY ONE OF THE INITIATED.

It has always appeared to us that there are few professions carried on in this bustling metropolis, whose nature is so little known or so little understood as that of Portrait-painting: we shall here say a word or two on the matter. Of the name itself, it is very doubtful if we could find a single individual who has not heard something; yet of the profession, we shall probably find few who really know any thing: and this is strange. A portrait, now-a-days, finds its way, as a matter of course, into every house that boasts of more than one story to it. There is not a person who is in possession of a clear, unencumbered revenue of one hundred pounds a-year (that modest, unpretending line, marking the first appearance of gentility), who does not at some time of his life "sit for his picture;" either to give to his relations who beg it of him, or to his family who tease him out of it. Call on business upon a man you never saw before in the suburbs of London, and the first thing that strikes your eye when you enter his parlour is a gilt frame of some two or three feet square hanging over the fire-place, covered with yellow gauze, and containing a portrait of a gentleman in a blue coat, generally looking reddish about the nose; or that of a lady in a large white odd-looking cap or turban, as generally looking rather large about the bust: "That is *Mrs. Smith*," will the gentleman say in a piano tone, in

answer to your obliging expression of anxiety to know who it represents. Go into a house in a fashionable street to see a man whose known wealth has prepared you to expect luxuries, and you find as the centre object of a string of pictures—Italian, Dutch, and English—a bright, half or whole-length frame, containing the portrait of a lady dressed in white muslin or satin, looking very graceful, hair rather blown about, with a blue sky, or a red curtain, or a green tree behind her; and you learn it is your hostess, Lady So-and-So, by Lawrence. Go into the country, fall ill by the way, take lodgings in some small bathing-place or village at Mr. or Mrs. Brown's; and in your bedroom you will find the black profile miniature of the late Mr. or Mrs. B., hanging in a small oval black frame over the chimney. Speak to any one of your friends, young or old, married or single, in London or out of London; and you will find that they have either sat for their portrait, do intend to sit, or know people who have sat. It has actually within the last half-century become part of the duty of our lives to expend a certain sum, at the first favourable opportunity, in the purchase of that amount of canvass and paint which may constitute a map of our face, and which we may leave behind us as an affidavit (very often a forged one) of what we have been. Napoleon called us "*une nation boutiquiere*;" the definition is incomplete; he forgot Portrait-painting.

Such is the degree of our familiarity with the subject of portraits. Now it is not a little odd that such mistakes should yet be made, with regard to the practice of the profession, as those we find current. We doubt if any could be pointed out of whose nature the public are more ignorant—we add contentedly ignorant—than that of Portrait-painting. We shall show some of the leading mistakes.

Portrait-painting is considered by many persons in the world as an occupation resolving itself into the empirical application of a certain quantity of flesh-coloured paint to a thing we call a canvass, so as to represent a human face to pattern: it is the mere covering, by recipe, a certain oval space or chalk-mark with patches of colour: any one may do it: there is no great difficulty in the matter: the "craft" demands no greater amount of study or ability than is required for, or is found in, house-painting or bricklaying. You take your brushes,—you lay on colour,—you make the face "like"—and the thing is done. Any difficulty you may experience in the application of the paint is removable by being shown previously the order in which you are to apply the tints. There are others, however, who do admit that the production of a portrait is not an easy matter; but here again we have a one-sided view. It is not the application of the colours which these persons consider difficult—that may be learnt,—it is the likeness which is the great mystery—it is the making a piece of canvass look like a man or woman we have seen alive and walking about, which is the surprising part of the business. "It is wonderful," said a lady one day to us, "how you can manage to get a likeness: I suppose it must be the same as poetry—born with one." Tell one of these wonderers that the likeness is by far the easiest part of a picture, and you will be set down as a person desirous of saying startling things for the sake of

effect : you will be risking your character for veracity : your hearer cannot produce a likeness himself, therefore it is difficult : he sees no other difficulty, therefore Portrait-painting is the art of producing a likeness. Try to disturb this chain of reasoning, and you will not be understood ; perhaps not believed.

Distinct from these two classes, who have in view the more or less of facility with which the profession is exercised, is a third set of opinions, commonly obtaining in a higher, or at least a more cultivated rank of society, and referring to the degree of pleasure or of gratification which the practice of Portrait-painting must necessarily afford to the artist. "How delightful it must be," they will say, "to have the variety of characters coming before one that a Portrait-painter meets with!—a succession of living pictures!—an endless change ! and then to think that it is nature seen in its best sides !—all smiles, and good-humour, and serenity ! No pouting, no negligence of costume, no slatternly appearances ! *Beauty* highly adorned, coming willingly before you ; seeking you out ; asking to be looked at ; submitting to your calmest examination ; beaming on you while you paint ; obeying all your suggestions ; anxiously calling up its best looks for you ; smiling the instant you desire it ; your intercourse at once placed on the most open footing ;—how delightful ! And then the praises you receive from the circle of friends and admirers who see the expression of the minute that has so often glanced on them, portrayed and detained on canvass ! The congratulations on your success ; the praises you obtain ; the rewards you get ; the patronage you receive ; the friends you make ;—how enviable ! *Old age*, venerable in its aspect, honourable in its character, dignified in its station, respectable in its bearing, intelligent in its experience, communicative in its disposition, kind in its manner, asking the aid of your skill to be enabled to live to the eyes of posterity, depending upon you for its chance of being transmitted to future ages,—how ennobling ! *Manhood* in its prime, full of health and energy, exciting your admiration by the strength of its intellect, instructing you by its knowledge of the business of life—coming to receive at your hands that re-creation which shall serve to gratify family affection and exercise many of the best feelings of our nature,—how enviable ! *Childhood*, all bloom and purity, light curly hair, blue eyes, red lips, brilliant teeth, and rosy cheeks : dimpling with pleasure, arch with mischief, or timid with innocence : every form rounded by health, every motion a display of grace : lisping, questioning ; unbound by formality, and seeking only for a smile—a being like this, brought to you to be portrayed—a mother gazing at your work till she feels her heart swell and her eyes fill with tears, at the long future her imagination runs over, with its myriads of chances and possibilities to the object of your skill, bad and good, inevitable or to be avoided—a father treasuring your work beyond many of his possessions, as the only means whereby he will hereafter be enabled to recal days which are running on in perhaps perfect happiness, but which he knows may be painfully contrasted by the anxieties and cares of coming years—to do this, to effect this—how gratifying ! And then the freedom of intercourse that is at once established with so many

persons you could not otherwise expect to know—the great by station, the noble by intellect! The mass of information thrown open to you by the opportunity of reading, in the abstract, the knowledge on every possible subject collected by the persons who come before you! The facility with which, by practice, you can do what is required of you, and gratify the world! The pleasure it must afford you to find you can give universal satisfaction! The honest pride you must feel in seeing your works sought after—known every where! ‘Surely a Portrait-painter,’ will they say, ‘must be one of the most favoured and happy of mortals—surely he must live in one round of gratifying excitement! Sorrow, and care, and anxiety cannot be for such a being as this: the business of life and the drudgery of the world are for others: *he* lives to be sought after, rewarded, instructed, and amused: he goes to rest happy and he rises to be again made as happy: one day is like another, and the revolving years only affect him favourably!’

Such are the opinions of not an unimportant class of people with regard to the profession of Portrait-painting: such are the ideas they form, and the view they are pleased to take of it: most heartily do we pray these were just opinions. Alas! here is only the poetry of the profession: the plain prose no way resembles this description: it is the bright and dreamy side of the picture; the everyday reality is of a very different character: instead of pleasure, it is pain: instead of amusement, it is wearying toil. We who write repudiate this imaginative view: we are entitled to do so, for to our sorrow we have to say that we know the truth by experience—we are of the race. We claim for our much worried brethren of the brush a round robin of condolence from all who will read this, for the plagues, and the annoyances, and the miseries we assure them a Portrait-painter has to go through from morning to night, from day to day, and from year to year. We verily believe that they are a race set apart, by some unaccountable arrangement of nature, for the express purpose of showing how much vexation and annoyance it is possible to accumulate on a set of individuals without driving them crazy: we extend the right-hand of misery to all who are concerned. We wish not to be profane, but we cannot help summing up our opinions of the practice of Portrait-painting in a short reference to an idea of Paley’s as regards the nature of that place which is decided to be not nameable to ears polite. This able and unmitred writer, viewing the many *degrees* of evil and of good which exist, and considering that between the lowest good rewarded, and the least evil consigned to punishment, but a slight difference can obtain, expresses his willingness to admit the possibility of *degrees* of punishment and of reward. Accepting the Catholic *purgatory*, then, upon this authority, we are clear upon it, that one of the most severe punishments there set out must be the having to practise from morning to night as a Portrait-painter among the shades. It is an occupation which would be admirably adapted to the place; especially if the condemned can be made to have a keen perception of their own deficiencies and limited powers as Artists, and can be permitted to see what *ought* to be done, and what only they can do.

It is quite impossible that we can specify *all* the annoyances to which a Portrait-painter is subject; *nomen illis Legio*. All that we can do, or propose doing in this place, is to point out the sources whence they spring; and, touching only on the plagues which flow from *one* of these, leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, or to a future opportunity. We have three sources of difficulty:—the want of knowledge of the laws of nature; the almost impossibility of duly representing nature by means of art; and ignorance on the part of the public of what should be required in painting. The two first would be amply sufficient for a man to grapple with during a long life, but society is kind enough to superadd the last, and to distract our attention and call us from our object by the interposition of its own crude and superficial conceptions in the practice of our profession—conceptions to which, unfortunately, the professors of the fine arts must bend, since they exist and are remunerated by the public. It is the annoyances that flow from this last source which we here propose to consider.

From causes which we shall not on the present occasion attempt to trace out, the art and mystery of painting is at the present day as far removed from popular reach or comprehension as any lover of exclusiveness can possibly desire. Of the multitudes who possess pictures, few know any thing of the principles on which they were produced, or the laws of nature they were intended to illustrate. To the majority the works of able artists are so many square feet of ornament—nothing more. A picture is purchased because a wall looks bare;—the wall is never built for the picture. We fill our houses with old masters and with modern masters on much the same principle that we scatter flowers and plants about our tables and staircases—they look pretty to the eye. We should as soon think of sitting down to inquire why a picture is as we see it, as we should of puzzling our brains to know how and why a flower came to be as it is. To us it appears proving a truism to attempt to show that the fact is as we state it.

It is a consequence of this general want of knowledge of the true nature and object of painting that an artist is at all times subject to the most perplexing interferences as regards the practice of his profession. There is not a painter in London who has not his list of grievances ready for you, founded on circumstances of this kind which have occurred in the course of his career. There is not an artist in the metropolis who has not smarted and winced, and wished himself in the moon over and over again, from the unreasonableness of the persons who have graciously pleased to employ him, and to criticise his pictures or direct his labours. Some of these occurrences are fitted to make one smile after they have passed; but the major part render us for the moment very much of the opinion of the frog in the fable—that it is no joke to be pelted at. These annoyances are tolerably equally distributed, and we shall endeavour to show what their nature may be, and to what they often amount, by the help of an anecdote or two.

We ourselves, in our own proper person, were once taken to task by a lawyer, for whom and of whom we had finished a picture in a way, as we thought, to redound considerably to our credit, for no less

a fault than "having painted him in a seconds' cloth coat, not a superfine one;" he assuring us positively that he never wore any other kind than superfine. Puzzled at the aim of this communication, and distressed at the severe and injured look of our legal employer, we asked to revise the picture. We had it put in the light; we had it put back again; we considered it, and we reconsidered it; and, at last, were fairly compelled to throw ourselves upon the mercy of the offended party, and confess we could not find out what he meant. "Not know what I mean!" said he, in a surprised key, "only look close at the picture, and you will see on the sleeve and the collar the marks of the brushes you used. Why, I can see them quite plainly," said he, putting his spectacled face within a foot of the canvass: "here, take my glasses." We ventured to hint that a large picture was not to be looked at close, and that it was not always possible to obliterate the touches left by the brush; nay, that it was even sometimes desirable purposely to introduce them in order to gain texture, and that the brush marks in the present instance were not seen at the distance of three or four feet; but we might as well have talked to him of the temple at Tanderah. Our conversation was closed by his drily and briefly telling us, "Well, all I can say is, that I have no such marks on my coat." He was to have recommended us. He never did.

We remember once receiving a note from a gentleman whose son's portrait we had painted, requesting "to see us any day this week with respect to it." We went. Our friend received us courteously, but gravely. We saw that something was wrong. After a brief exordium, he told us that, having had occasion to pass his finger over the face a few days before, to remove some particles of dust sticking to the canvass, he had detected in both the eyes a something so unaccountable that he had thought it better at once to send for us to look at it. "If," said he, "you will pass your finger over the eyes, you will find in the centre of each pupil a small lump or prominence, which I am sure you could not have intended." We did as we were desired; and, stifling any desire to laugh, we explained to him that the only means painters had to represent the vivid sparkle of light which is seen in the eye, is by touching the pupil in the picture with a sharp-pointed brush dipped in white paint; a dot or minute projection of paint is thereby left behind, which, catching the light, serves to produce the effect desired. He coughed; looked grave; went to the glass and looked at himself; came back; felt again; and then conciliatingly telling us "he dar'd to say we were right as to the sparkle in the eye," begged as a favour we would indulge him by "removing the projection of paint, as he was quite sure his son had no such lump in his eye." What was to be done? Nothing, of course, but comply. We accordingly had the picture returned to us, scraped the high light down so as to be impalpable, and sent it home again; looking of necessity dim-sighted, but perfectly satisfactory to the touch of the owner.

The reader will say these are gross absurdities, and not such as are likely to be committed by the generality of persons. We assure him that in the last particular he is wrong. All may not be of this imme-

diately evident character, but a very large proportion are to the full as *outré* when the outside covering of language is removed. There are few artists who do not know what it is to be asked gravely, and as though it were the most natural thing in the world, to perform or produce what are of necessity moral or practical impossibilities in their pictures, and to be sufferers for not having in the respects required met the ideas of their employers. Expressions are to be combined which never can co-exist; alterations are to be made with a view to gain an end which it is in the nature of these alterations not to attain; emendations are suggested which are incompatible with the body of the work; shapes are to be added which ought not to be admitted; lines are to be altered which would be destructive of the composition; colours are to be thrown in which would put the whole picture out of keeping. And with all this, no argument on the part of the artist is of avail. The purchaser of the picture does not see that he is in the wrong; that he is as competent to construct an Esquimaux grammar—therefore he perseveres, and the artist has only the choice of submitting or affronting his employer. He may adopt which course he likes; but the alternative is agreeable. We had occasion, years ago, to consult an artist of high ability and reputation, now dead—Nollekens—on this subject, with a view to learn the mode which he in his long practice had found most efficacious in warding off the observations of ignorance. Nollekens was as blunt as old age, native temper, success, and wealth could make a man; and his advice was briefly as follows:—"What you complain of is the old story; you must make up your mind to it. The only thing you have to do is *never to give in*. Tell the people either that you won't alter it, or that they may do it themselves if they know so much about the matter. I have always done so. But I forgot," he added, after a moment's pause, "that you have to make your way first: I mean act so after you have become known; you will be thought better of, for the arts are only a matter of opinion in England, not of knowledge." Sir Joshua Reynolds's plan, the reader will recollect, was different from this. He only took down his trumpet; and, as he was deaf, he could not be expected to hear. Whatever plan, however, is pursued, we are to bear in mind that we run the risk of forfeiting the patronage of the sitter—no unimportant consideration. There is no profession which, in respect of patronage, at all resembles Portrait-painting. A physician of merit who gets a patient, in all probability secures a continuance of attendance. The person he has cured once may become ill again, and will again apply to him. A lawyer of ability who gets a client, in all probability secures him for a long while;—in any future legal proceedings the client will go to the person who has already been made acquainted with his affairs. An author of talent who gets a reader, will in all probability continue to have this reader's support as long as he publishes. A tradesman who supplies a family with goods, in all probability secures a lengthened custom;—the matter is not terminated in one dealing, but may be spread over a series of years. Now this is not so with the portrait-painter; and it is not so with him alone. A man who sits once, never sits again; the matter is closed in one dealing: no further be-

nefit can accrue to the artist in this quarter—he must look out for a new sitter. All his dependence is on the favour of his sitter for the time being, that he may be recommended to some other client or patient. For this he must sacrifice every thing ; he must never hesitate to alter and change,—spoil, if necessary, the picture that the sitter is paying for, and therefore conceives ought to be as he likes. Let the reader only suppose the caprice of people as exhibited in the common accidents of life applied ten-fold to the subject of pictures, and he will have some idea of the situation of a portrait-painter under this unceasing necessity of acquiring new patronage.

When we come to compare Portrait-painting with other departments of art, we shall perceive that the professors of the first are singularly placed as regards their openness to attack. In no class of art is *identity* in face, figure, costume, and ornament, of such paramount importance as in portraits. The historical and landscape painters luxuriate in a comparative freedom from attack. If they are not much patronised, neither are they much criticised ; for the objects of their skill are not sufficiently known to the world to be brought to bear upon the imitations. The landscape-painter may paint a tree awry, or a cloud topsy-turvy, and no one will challenge his work. The historical painter may insert a drapery or ornament of the colour or shape he pleases just where he likes ; he may put in figures, or he may put them out, at his own free will ; he may paint faces like somebody or like no one in particular, at his option ; he may do, in short, as he thinks fit, without let or hinderance from the world. Now the portrait-painter works under no such freedom from control ; he is placed in a totally different situation. He has to represent the men and women with whom we are in daily communication, and with whose individuality of face and figure and costume we are perfectly familiar. He exercises his profession with his hands tied. Let him only paint Miss A.'s mouth an idea on one side, or omit or change some of Mrs. B.'s curls or ornaments, or represent Mr. C.'s eyes looking slightly crooked, or his figure not perfectly correct, and he is at once found out. The sitter becomes extremely distressed at the discovery, and there is immediately an abundant outcry among the friends ; no quarter is given, and the artist is by common consent offered up as a sacrifice to the offended pride of the person who was to have been correctly handed down to posterity. What portrait-painter does not know the plagues that arise from the uncompromising importance attached by sitters (dare we say female sitters in especial) to the article of dress ? If a sleeve do not exactly follow the fashion—that is to say, the milliner's idea—or a skirt (we speak learnedly) have not the exact degree of fulness or of length, or the exact amount and kind of ornament, even sometimes to the pattern of the lace set out for him, woe betide the unhappy painter ; his omission or commission is somehow sure to be discovered, and then he may consider himself a lost man. The good-natured observations of the circle of acquaintances are sure to chime in with the sitter's indignation, and the artist has nothing left for it but to hide his diminished head, and grieve that he does not understand lace-making, and that he is not able to shut his eyes to the absurdities milliners and tailors seem in a league to commit.

It is singular that same kindness of by-standers with regard to the more or less of success with which an artist has represented their friend Miss A. or Mr. B. Unfortunately, it appears inseparable from human nature that each individual should entertain in the privacy of his own breast ideas of self not exactly tallying with those entertained by the world. We are apt to think the opinions of our acquaintances as regards ourselves any thing but formed in a fair and just spirit; we rate our qualifications, mind and body, at a somewhat higher value than does the world. In Portrait-painting this feeling is roused into sensitive activity. Sitters look on with an ill-disguised anxiety throughout the progress of the work to see how they appear to others. Painters know well what feeling is in question, and this imposes on them a line of conduct of considerable risk—they *must flatter*. But here arise a Scylla and Charybdis. *If they flatter too much*, many are the confidential whisperings among the sitter's acquaintances and behind his back as regards the excess of beauty or intelligence thrown into the picture. "Yes, it *is* like," they say, "but then it is *so* flattered; I wonder Miss A. or Mr. B. does not see it; I should not like to be represented in that way." And then they speak slightly of the artist to the sitter. *If Painters do not flatter enough*, the sitter is not excited to admiration by the work; he coldly approves, and takes the first opportunity of asking some friend or friends confidentially what they think of it. Nine times out of ten the referee traces dissatisfaction in the tone of the sitter; or, if he does not see this, he thinks it incumbent on him to pay a compliment; and he answers, "The picture *is* like, but then really it is a—(and here comes a sort of friendly hesitation)—it is, in fact, too old for you. Besides, I think there is a heavy look about the eyes which you have not got: and indeed, I should say, that altogether it is not so happy a representation as I should have expected." This is enough; the train is fired; the sitter's smothered indignation is stirred up; he questions somebody else, telling the new referee what the last said, which is, in truth, calling for a confirmation. His idea is confirmed; for no visitor can think of telling his host that he, the said host, has over-estimated his personal appearance or his intellectuality of look; and the consequence is, that a week or two afterwards the painter has the pleasure of hearing that all Miss A. or Mr. B.'s friends disapprove of the picture. Many a portrait has come back upon a painter's hands of whose condemnation this is the true history. Sir Thomas Lawrence left between four and five hundred unclaimed pictures behind him, finished and unfinished. A large proportion of these were very probably returned or neglected under the above circumstances.

We shall here bring our notice of Portrait-painting to a close, more with the view of sparing the patience of the reader than under any inability to extend the catalogue of annoyances. A spirit of impartiality, however, requires us to add that it has not been here intended to shield in any degree the real faults and deficiencies of portrait-painters from blame. These faults and deficiencies have only been kept separate from the present subject matter. They may, perhaps, receive a subsequent examination.

H. F. G.

SCENES IN SPAIN.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH LEGION.

No. II.

MIRANDA DEL EBRO is a town of considerable importance, situated on both banks of the river Ebro. During the present struggle it has always been occupied by a large body of troops, as, from its position, commanding a passage of that river, and being the key to the large towns southward, it would be a serious blow to the Queen's cause were it to fall into the possession of the Carlists. Here it was, that on the last day of November the legion arrived, full of bright anticipations, for the close of the following day would see us in that El Dorado of our imaginations, Vittoria. Since we had left Bilboa, a month previous, we had endured many hardships, we had experienced not a few of the actual rubs incident to a soldier's life on active service. We had frequently to put up with very indifferent rations, to march from thirty to forty miles a day, and afterwards to repose for the night under the canopy of heaven, or, worse than that, to find ourselves doomed, fatigued and knocked up, to pass the night *on picket*. We were, likewise, one month in arrears of pay; but the remembrance of all these vanished at the prospect of reaching Vittoria. In the larger towns in which we had hitherto been quartered, such as San Sebastian, Santander, and Bilboa, we had been received with kindness and hospitality. Balls and fêtes had welcomed our arrival, and our duties being light, our pay regular, and billets excellent in each of these, our pleasant prognostications on the present occasion are not to be wondered at. The men, although many were ragged and shoeless, were healthy and in good spirits.

Miranda on that day presented the appearance of a perfect Babel. Crammed with Spanish and English troops, and fresh regiments continually arriving, the tumult and confusion were beyond description. The narrow streets were absolutely impassable, mules laden with the baggage and ammunition of the army, whole regiments of cavalry and infantry intermixed with them, soldiers vainly attempting to regain their regiments, the imprecations and curses, both in Spanish and English, of the assembled multitude, and the efforts of the officers to restore some degree of order, made the scene complete. My billet ticket was given me, and after struggling for two hours through the crowd, I had the satisfaction of finding that the house had been previously occupied by seven officers and about seventy men. Spanish houses are seldom superabundantly provided with furniture, but this one was completely gutted from top to bottom. Happy enough was I, however, to get under any roof on this occasion, and after a slight repast, consisting merely of a few small cakes of chocolate boiled to the consistency of a jelly, which served me for breakfast, dinner, and supper, I joined my companions in the balcony, who were amusing themselves in surveying the ludicrous scenes occurring in the streets

below, and enjoying the dilemmas of some of our less fortunate acquaintances, as we occasionally caught sight of them,

“Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

It was late on the following day when we entered Vittoria by the Castille gate. The entrance by that side of the town is highly imposing; two magnificent ranges of newly-built massive stone houses form the wide and noble street of Santa Clara, leading directly to the Plaza Nueva. On the present occasion the balconies of these houses were crowded with ladies, and the streets were lined by regiments of Spanish troops drawn up to receive us. The splendid music of the Spanish regimental bands and the rapturous *vivas* of the inhabitants greeted our arrival in their city.

Vittoria stands on a slight elevation in a plain of great extent. Its immense height above the level of the sea completely neutralizes the effect of its southern latitude, and in winter it is intensely cold. With the exception of the Plaza and the Calle Santa Clara before mentioned, the streets are generally narrow, dirty, and confined. The Plaza of Vittoria is the most beautiful and regular square I have ever seen. It is surrounded in the interior with a colonnade, under which on high days and holidays the ladies of Vittoria take their *paseo* or promenade. On these occasions benches and chairs are placed for their accommodation. In the centre of the square a kind of market is held for the sale of milk, bread, and fruits, &c.

All operations in the field were at this time, from the severity of the weather, necessarily suspended, and consequently an immense body of troops were congregated in Vittoria. Our bright anticipations were soon doomed to disappointment. Our men were quartered in damp, unwholesome convents, without beds or fires; the rations were insufficient in quantity and bad in quality; the wine especially, that was issued as rations, was so hurtful that it sent numbers into the hospitals with diarrhœas and dysenteries.

Nor were the officers better off, at least the junior ones: some were ordered to remain in the convents with their men, and no billets issued out to them. In such cases misery could extend no further. Without pay, without clothing (for all the baggage was at this time at Santander), almost without food, and perishing from cold, from which they had no remedy,—without a stick of furniture to cover the bare walls of their cells, and without the commonest utensils to cook their wretched food, their situation was truly deplorable. In other cases billets were allowed, then they had the accommodation of a bed, but of little else; the inhabitants were inhospitable and churlish, and generally found means to render them as uncomfortable as possible. In my own billet, for example, I was allotted a room with stone floor, and without glass to the windows, the only furniture consisting of a bed, a chair, and a small table; in this miserable place it was my lot to pass one of the severest of winters. It was my practice immediately after coming from drill, which, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was rigorously enforced, to undress and go to bed, being the only way to preserve animal heat. My dinner was brought me in this state, and at night I would dress and repair to

the café, where numbers of officers would flock from the same motives. Here it soon became the custom to remain till a late hour, and I have known officers pass the whole night in the café rather than quit it for their own desolate quarters. Unfortunately, too, the congregation of so many young men under such circumstances produced excesses that brought disgrace on the legion, and punishment and ruin on the individuals concerned.

Such a state of things produced the results that might have been expected. In less than three weeks after our arrival a pestilential fever broke out among the English, attended with peculiar and dreadful symptoms. Sweeping over the legion like a destroying angel, it carried off officers and men with fearful rapidity. The city was continually traversed by funeral parties in every direction, coffins could not be made quickly enough, and soon were dispensed with altogether. Whole regiments were destroyed by the pestilence, and the strongest were unable to muster more than a fifth part of their original number. Vittoria resembled a huge charnel-house, a perfect city of the plague.

Meanwhile the disease was not confined to the men, the officers were attacked in even greater proportion. Many of the latter were young men of good family and prospects, and had joined the expedition, not from any expectation of gain, but from a chivalrous feeling, desirous of attaining distinction in the cause. Others, brought up in the bosom of their family, and accustomed to the attention and solicitude of a home, were totally unable to withstand the bitter neglect and misery of their present situation. Their minds enfeebled by disease, they recalled to memory the comforts and luxury of the homes they had abandoned, and died in all the bitterness of despair, cursing the hour they had left their country.

At this time there appeared every prospect of the legions dying a natural death by remaining at Vittoria, and with a view to stop the mortality we were soon afterwards removed into cantonments among the adjoining villages. Here, as we were no better off with respect to food, clothing, &c., no improvement took place in the health of the troops; indeed, for some time, the fever raged with still greater violence than when in the city.

At Trevino, where part of us were stationed, we were employed for some time in fortifying the hill at the foot of which the town is situated. Trevino itself is small, but of some importance from its situation, and capable of being made a place of some strength; it consists of two or three straggling streets, running parallel with each other, round the base of the hill, and confined on the other side by the river, over which there is a neat stone bridge. From the time it was taken by Zumalacarreguy, about a year previously, it had been deserted by the major part of the inhabitants, and it was in a state of dilapidation and decay, from which it is probable it never will again recover. The neighbourhood was infested by strong parties of the enemy, and the expectation of an attack, and indeed the skirmishes that daily took place between them and our own forage parties, served to animate our minds, and break the dull monotony of our situation.

One night, about a week after our arrival, I was aroused from sleep by the report of fire-arms immediately under my window. The house in which I slept was the last one in the place, and looked upon the space which the gate of the town once occupied, and where the inlying picket was stationed round a large fire. On hearing the noise I sprung out of bed, and, thrusting open the shutter of the unglazed window, a single glance sufficed to make me acquainted with the cause of the disturbance. A party of the enemy had pushed on undiscovered into the very town, and, springing upon the unprepared picket, speedily put them to flight. Their principal object being plunder, they immediately commenced effecting an entry into the nearest houses by battering down the doors, and it was with feelings of small satisfaction that I heard their repeated and vigorous thumps at the frail door of my abode. Jumping into my breeches, and seizing my pistols and sword, I aroused my servant who was sleeping on the ground beside my bed, and in few words informed him of the state of the case. Taking his musket with bayonet fixed, which lay at hand for the emergency, we descended the ladder that formed the only descent to the lower part of the house, the whole of which, as is usual in Spanish villages, formed the stabling of the house. No sooner had we alighted, than I beheld, to my horror, the *patron* or master of the house (whom I had always suspected of being a Carlist at heart), with a lamp in his hand, hurriedly attempting to push back the bar of the door, the only hinderance to the admission of the unwelcome intruders. I called out to him in no very measured language to desist, "*Espera, traidor! ladron! Carajo!*" but in vain. My expostulation only seemed to expedite his proceedings, and as he gave the final push, and the door flew half open, with correct aim I discharged my pistol at him, and the shot taking effect in his shoulder he fell instantaneously, by his fall serving for a moment to impede the full opening of the door. With a rush forward, my servant and myself managed to secure it for a few moments longer, until a volley and a charge from the main guard, which suddenly made its appearance, dispersed the hostile visitors; who, carrying off a few wounded men with them, made their retreat with little benefit from their experiment. The next morning I gave my host a severe lecture upon his disloyalty, but on account of his wound, which was not however very serious, I let him off all other consequences.

With the exception of incidents such as these, our existence in the villages was monotonous in the extreme, and we ardently longed to exchange it for one of more active service. Our wish was not long delayed, for the fever ceasing, more from want of victims than any other cause, at the latter end of April we had intimation of our approaching departure for San Sebastian. We marched through Vittoria for the last time, rejoiced at the prospect of quitting that inhospitable and fatal town. We had entered it but a few months before in health and spirits; we quitted it a broken and debilitated army of skeletons, destined within a few days to fight a battle the most severe and best contested of the present war.

(To be continued.)

THE MINISTRY MOLE-GUIZOT,

OR LOUIS PHILIPPE AND THE PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES IN THE
FRENCH CHAMBERS.

SINCE the 18th of September, 1830, when for the first time Louis Philippe showed in public his naturally tyrannical disposition, by taking the personal command, his purposely intoxicated satellites of the line, and in ordering them to clear his royal palace of the Parisians at the point of the bayonet, exclaimed,—“*Allons, mes braves, eventrez moi ces groupes de canaille,*” every thinking mind in France foresaw with dismay, that the cunning and double-minded Duke of Orleans, having swindled the crown like a fox, wished to keep it like a lion, and that his mock citizen majesty aimed not only at reigning shrewdly, but intended to govern France with as much despotism as ever Napoleon displayed during his glorious imperial sway.

However, when the too liberal Laffitte, and the unflinching, upright, patriot Dupont de l'Eure, disgusted with the perfidious and treacherous conduct of their master, resigned their high ministerial posts, and when the well-meaning but too easily duped Lafayette, not choosing to participate any longer to forward the hypocritical projects of a monster whom he had made a king, gave up the commander-in chief of the National Guards of France, Louis Philippe thence forward, became the object of general distrust, and was abandoned by all those who had really at heart the welfare of their country and the prosperity of mankind at large.

But the “best of republics” having succeeded in framing the famous cabinet of the 13th March, 1831, and the apostate Casimir Perier and Co., having basely undertaken to become the constitutional tools of the son of Egalité, it was now evident that the king of the barricades had determined in his *pensée immuable* to exercise despotism over the French nation under the shield of a nominal ministerial responsibility, and that in all domestic and foreign politics he would make use of that maxim of the tyrant—

“Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.”

In fact, from that eventful epoch all became mysterious and doubtful in his council; the system of *juste-milieu* and *resistance* paralyzed the progress of liberty and improvement at home, and so much changed the foreign policy of France, that the brave and unfortunate Polish and Italian patriots were all of a sudden abandoned to the tender mercy of their conquerors and natural despots. In the mean time domiciliary visits and political inquisition began to make the tour of France, and soon after led the way to the dreadful insurrections, bombardments, and sieges of Paris and Lyons; caused the slaughters of Toulouse, Marsailles, Grenoble, and St. Etienne, and engendered the abolition of all political associations and discussions. As the public press dared to remonstrate against such tyrannical acts, and as it even insinuated that those measures

were the emanation of the "*pensée immuable*," its conductors were of course revengefully prosecuted *ex officio*, tried, fined, and imprisoned. But as these severe means did not sufficiently silence the press, and as the jury were thought too liberal and too merciful, Louis Philippe demanded and obtained those exceptional laws by which the liberty of the press has been totally extinguished, and the independence and utility of the jury almost annihilated. Thus Louis Philippe and his tools have become less exposed to be publicly and openly opposed in their endeavours to arrive at absolute despotism.

Such is the source of the numerous secret conspiracies which are daily discovered in France; hence the great dissatisfaction of the French nation at large; hence the plots and repeated attempts against the life of the present king or tyrant of France, and the partial disorganization and discontent of the army and of the national guards; hence, finally, the present turbulent and unsettled state which threatens at no distant period another revolutionary eruption in that country.

However, until the 11th of January last,—although even then every intelligent being was convinced of the existence of the despotic dictatorship of the mock citizen king of the French, there was not yet any positive proof of his being the only real cause of all the evil that is perpetrated in that country under the sanction of the ministry. At length the late president of the council, and minister for foreign affairs, the once favourite champion and supporter of the modern Dionysius of Europe, the little Mr. Thiers, having been impeached for arbitrary, perfidious, and unconstitutional acts against Switzerland, which had taken place during his administration, has disclosed some secret, and has declared in plain language, and in the presence of the deputies of France and of the whole world, that Louis Philippe reigns entirely uncontrolled, and that his ministers are his constitutional tools, enjoying nearly the same independence that the members of the Ottoman Divan enjoy. His words are truly deserving to be engraven on the memory of all those who wish to have some idea of the present state of France: "*As president of the council and minister for foreign affairs*," said Mr. Thiers forcibly, "*I should have known all;—but I knew nothing.*" Such is the real character, such is the honest constitutional conduct of the present brutal despot of France, who has been so much puffed as the elected of the nation, while in truth he was only chosen by the Doctrinaires, and a few misguided patriots, and some bribed heroes of July. The worst and most dangerous maxims of the Machiavellian policy are indeed honourable and praiseworthy axioms when compared with the villainous and cunning mal-practices of the present government of France.

We beg to be allowed to remark here, as a singular and curious fact, that the apostate ex-carbonaro Thiers, in order to fulfil the dictates of his *then* patron, Lafitte, and to forward his own private interest and elevation, on the 29th July, 1830, was the *first* who dared to speak in favour of the *until then* abhorred Duke of Orleans, and certainly his eulogiums of the republican general of Gemappes and

Valmy were of great use to Louis Philippe, and that now this very turn-coat Thiers, in behalf again of his own private interest, has been also the *first* who has officially denounced to the world the citizen king as the absolute Mahmoud of the French nation.

After this unpleasant and distressing preamble, we shall now come to the subject of this article, by showing impartially how the present French ministry, or rather, how Louis Philippe is placed with regard to the French chambers, and how he intends to manage them in order to continue in his anti-national system.

It is more than probable that the ministry Molé-Guizot, still a *pure incarnation of the pensée immuable* of the French Mahmoud, has been framed in accordance with the wishes of Nesselrode, Metternich, and Ancillon, in order to paralyze any possible good results which might arise from the quadruple treaty, and to prevent the final establishment of a constitutional government both in Spain and in Portugal. Certain it is, that as soon as the present French ministry came into office, all the stipulations of that treaty have almost become a dead letter with the king of the barricades, who, notwithstanding in his late speech from the throne, has had the impudence to assure his hearers that he is still faithful to that document. For what regards the future internal government of France it is evident, that the ministry Molé-Guizot are to forward with zeal and activity the system of *resistance, restriction, and oppression*, and that new measures are to be resorted to, which will greatly surpass even the existing exceptional Fieschi laws, and already two projects have been presented to the chambers, which are subversive not only of the charter, but of the first bonds of human society. But will these tyrannical projects of the French perjured king have any final success? Will the chambers of France permit the total enslavement of their country? or will the French nation consent to lose at once the fruit of all the hardships which it has endured during the last fifty years in order to obtain its present *fettered* liberty and its *compromised* independence? No, this seems to be almost impossible, and consequently, Louis Philippe and his *immuable pensée* of duplicity and perfidy must shortly terminate, either by a total change of system or by his overthrow.

With regard to the chamber of the present *elective peers* of France, we shall not detain long the attention of our readers, because it must be well known to them that those hirelings of the son of Egalité are a real disgrace, not only to their country but to Europe at large, by their servility to the dictates of the court of the Tuilleries. We may assert without the least fear of being *reasonably* contradicted, that were the reigning French Mahmoud to choose for his prime minister the priest-ridden, anti-liberal, but honest, and consistent Prince Polignac, the recently liberated ex-premier of Charles X., he would certainly meet with the approbation and support of the majority of those *elective noble stragmen* of Louis Philippe, because, with the exception of a few enlightened and independent members, and of about a dozen of stubborn and fanatic Carlists, that branch of the French constitution would sanction any arbitrary act or project of the living despot of France. Therefore the citizen king has nothing to appre-

hend from that quarter, and the present ministry will be as successful there, as those of Perier, Soult, Gérard, Broglie, and Thiers, have hitherto been.

But with regard to the chamber of deputies we shall be compelled to be rather prolix, in order to impart to our readers what we think to be a just estimate of that assembly, which is composed of 459 members, chosen for five years by the comparatively small number of 184,754 electors, out of a population of above 33,000,000 of souls. We must also add here, that more than a half of these electors are either directly or indirectly under the control of the existing government. However, in order to rule over the deputies, Louis Philippe is obliged to make use of all his cunning duplicity and intrigues, of all his means of corruption, bribery, and intimidation, and, nevertheless, it is with great difficulty that he has till now succeeded in obtaining a majority in favour of his mysterious and bastard policy. That assembly may be divided into four sections, which are separated from each other on general administrative and political questions, but on particular matters they often lend their support to their opponents, in order to forward their own projects and purposes by their unpopularity.

The *Orleanist* section is composed of the *Doctrinaires* and of all *Placemen* under the immediate influence of the crown, because their welfare depends entirely on the stability and existence of the present dynasty. Guizot, Royer-Collard, Giraud de l'Ain, Remusat, Sebastiani, Jacqueminot, Salvandy, and all the ministers of the day are at their head. This party is supported from without by the "Moniteur," the "Journal des Débats," the "Estaffette," the "Impartial," the "Presse," the "Chronique de Paris," by a budget of nearly a milliard of francs and by *five hundred thousand bayonets*.

The *Liberal* section, or, as it is commonly styled, *the party of the movement*, is formed, 1st, by the greatest part of those who were the chief promoters of the *three glorious days of July*, and who were the most active instruments of the enthronization of the present French Mahmoud; 2nd, by all the admirers of the constitution of the United States of North America; and lastly, by the representatives of the most liberal departments of France, where the corruption and the intrigues of the patriot king have not yet won the support of the majority of the electors. The most distinguished members of this section are Laffitte, Odilon-Barrot, Mauguin, Salverte, Audry de Puyraveau, Cormenin, George Lafayette, De Tracy, Clausel, Bignon, Garnier-Pagès, and their politics are advocated by the "National," "Courier Français," the "Tribune Politique," the "Bon Sens," and by all the instructed and intelligent portion of the French nation.

Next comes the section of the *Tiers-party*, which represents a political mass of *would-be ministers* and of *place-hunters*, floating between the *doctrine*, the *movement*, and the *Carlists*, belonging to none of them, but, according to their own interest, lending to any of them their support. The personal friend of Louis Philippe, his *homme de loi* during the last twenty years, the present president of the chamber of deputies, M. Dupin, may be considered the leader of this floating section, and Etienne and Jay its spokesmen and organs. The *Tiers-party* is supported from without by the "Constitutionnel,"

"Le Temps," the "Journal du Commerce," the *turn-about* "Journal de Paris," by the "Messager des Chambres," and by a great number of ignorant shop-keepers.

The *Carlist*, or the *Legitimist* party, which for a length of time was scarcely able to be represented in the chamber of deputies by a *single member*, in consequence of the perfidy and mal-practices of the French Mahmoud, has at present its regular section there, and its leader, M. Berriyer, confident of his integrity and private virtues, emboldened by his extraordinary power as an orator and a politician, and profiting of the inconsistency and of the revolting conduct of the present government, is often the open denunciator of the hypocrisy of Louis Philippe and of his ministerial tools, and not seldom is the chief instrument of the defeat of the Philippist projects in that house. The Carlists are supported in their views from without by the "Quotidienne," the "Gazette de France," the "Courier de l'Europe," "La France," "Le Reformateur," by the ancient aristocracy, by the priesthood, and by the majority of the inhabitants of the south and west of France.

As for *little Thiers*, since he began his career of a national representative, he has already served under the standard of three different parties, and hitherto his parliamentary conduct has not had any fixed principle with regard to either domestic or foreign policy. He was admitted into the house through the interest of Laffitte, and of the *movement*; two months had scarcely elapsed from his entering as a *Liberal*, when he suddenly turned in favour of the *Doctrinaires* against his former patrons and colleagues, and during *four Doctrinaire administrations* he was always their spokesman and champion against all the other sections. But during his short-lived premiership *little Thiers* became the *man of all parties*, and by coalescing with the *Tiers-party* and the *Legitimists* he succeeded in obtaining a floating majority in the chamber of deputies. It may be now asserted, that in consequence of his frequent changes, and of his political apostacy and turpitude, Thiers is heartily despised by all parties, but in the meanwhile he may probably be still courted apparently by each party, in order to make use of his abilities against the existing administration, and as he has already opened once the mysterious bag of the French Mahmoud, and has let loose an *Orleanist cat*, it is more than probable that shortly in one of his angry moments he may let escape from the same bag some larger and more dangerous cat, which, by his appearance, might create a great sensation within and without the house.

Such is the exact state of parties of the present chamber of deputies; but from what has already taken place during the debates and amendments upon the address in answer to the speech from the throne, from the patriotic result of the verdict of the Alsatian jurors, and from the late unexpected overthrow of the Philippist Law of Disjunction, we may safely predict that a crisis is at hand in that assembly and in France, and that there is a great probability, that if Louis Philippe were obliged to dissolve the house, the liberal party will be greatly augmented at the expense of the Orleanists and Tiers-party. The Carlists, however, may obtain from the south and from the west a few more representatives; but their efforts can not oppose any effective barrier to the progress of necessary and indispensable ameli-

orations, and to that broad share of liberty which the French nation has the right of demanding and of obtaining through its representatives; and let the government be either in the perfidious hands of the present Mahmoud or of any other despot of his bastard race, the liberal party,—the party of civil and religious liberty, the party of equal justice and equal rights, the party of economy, civilization, and national glory and independence,—must ultimately triumph in that country.

THE MAIDEN'S DEATH.

It was a calm and a tranquil night
Of the early summer time;
The sky ne'er smil'd on a fairer eve
Since the hours of Earth's first prime.
The sun had set, and the last faint streak
Had pass'd from the heavens away,
And the evening-star, like a spirit of love,
Walk'd on her radiant way.
Now dropt the dew on the flowers of night
That ope when the day is done;
And send forth the sweets when the moonbeams play,
In place of the burning sun.
The maiden roam'd where the river flows
In its silver course along;
And murmurs on through the quiet vale
With a sound like a low sweet song.
Her soft blue eye and her raven hair
Seem'd scarce of earth below,
But as though she came from a higher sphere,
And long'd to her home to go.
She sat by the side of the whisp'ring stream,
And watch'd the ripples dance;
And her own light form seem'd floating down
The wave in the moonbeam's glance.
And the angels deem'd her all too pure
For the shadows of earth to hide;
And they thought of the shadowless dome of heaven
Where the holy ones abide.
And death came down in the evening dew,
And he wrapped his mantle round her;
And linger'd, ere he left the spot
Where his icy hand had bound her.
She saw the sun in his bright array
Sink down the purple west;
And had gazed on the stars as they crested the night
In their glorious orbits blest.
And then on the wing of the midnight gale,
As it sigh'd o'er the quiet river,
She was borne through the regions of ether far
To the realms of day for ever.

J. F.

ASMODEUS AND THE INCOGNITO.

"I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee ; therefore go with me.

* * * * *

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go."—*Shakspeare.*

"Who are you?" cried I, hastily raising my head from the pillow at the sudden appearance of a handsome and fashionable gentleman by the side of my bed.

"Asmodeus," replied the stranger. "Asmodeus!" resumed I, much surprised, "is that possible?" "It is," responded the devil. "*Ma foi!* if it be so, you are indeed most wonderfully changed," quoth I. "I am not," said Asmodeus, pertly. "What! are you not changed?" rejoined I; "but where are your famous crutches? where your ugly crooked limbs?"

"Why," resumed my visitor, "my crutches I have given to Dr. Pompous. With regard to my limbs you ought to have learned ere this, that we devils go always with the *times*, and that the garb and principle that best suit our purposes and interest we readily assume. When I chose for my travelling companion Don Cleofas Tuxillo I was a cripple, because at that epoch all was in a crooked state in your world; but now that—thanks to the progress of civilization, to the success of the patriotic efforts of Washington and to the overthrow of the Parisian bastille—things are going on in a better train—I have become what you see me; for a comely aspect and a fashionable exterior are at present almost indispensable to a man who wishes to *appear* a perfect gentleman. However, let us not waste our time; get up and dress yourself, because I intend to travel with you in search of amusement and information."

"Asmodeus," answered I, "you speak indeed like a devil; 'tis easy for you to say, 'dress yourself, let us go,' but it is not so with me. You have just remarked that in order to imitate the *times*, you have become a fashionable: well, as in consequence of the perfidy of the *times* I cannot do as much, I must decline your kind offer."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the devil, leering at me and laughing very heartily, "if that is all, I will soon render you as fashionable as ever Count d'Orsay was in his life."

In fact, having furnished me with all that I wanted to *appear* a perfect gentleman, Asmodeus very kindly officiated as my valet. When the toilette was over, consulting the looking-glass, I could scarcely believe my own eyes in observing the infernal change that had taken place both in my dress and appearance. Greatly pleased with my extraordinary elegance, I thanked the devil, and said, "I am now at your service."

"But where shall we direct our course?" asked Asmodeus.

"Wherever you like," replied I, "provided we avoid all places where either the cholera or the influenza are raging, because I have a mortal dread of the doctors, who, in my opinion, are almost as dangerous as—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Asmodeus, "I know that you are no great friend of the medical faculty; in fact, you are not wrong. Individually the doctors envy, undermine, and hate each other; but, as a body, they generally combine all their influence in order to crush any man who openly dares either to impugn the respectability, or to unmask the baseness of even the worst of their profession. Do you know the difference between a doctor and an assassin?"

"I do not," said I.

"Well, learn it from me," quoth Asmodeus. "The assassin first murders a man, and then strips him of all he possesses. The doctor first plunders his patient, and then kills him with perfect impunity, while the assassin often loses his life for his horrible deed. In my company, however, don't apprehend any harm whatsoever either from the doctors or their nostrums. Take this box of lozenges, they possess the power which Morison's pills are puffed off for; they really cure all diseases, and are a certain preventive against every infection."

"If I can rely on your word," quoth I.

"What? what?" said Asmodeus rather angrily. "Do you doubt my word? Have you taken me for a diplomatist, or a parliamentary candidate? Do you think I am a mortal?"

"I beg your pardon," resumed I very humbly, but I have been so often decoyed and deceived by false premises, that, at present, I suspect—"

"Suspect a fiddlestick," interrupted Asmodeus. "I know that you have met with ungrateful and deceitful beings; but you have been a great fool in trusting to them: are you still such a simpleton as to forget that you mortals are continually deceiving each other? But, notwithstanding that his very name means *deceiver*, a devil is an honourable being, and always fulfils his promises. Those who styled us *deceivers*, were interested impostors, and have succeeded in rendering a great portion of mankind ignorant, superstitious, and their slaves. Once for ever I tell you, that I am and will be your friend; let us therefore begin our excursion;" and, in saying so, Asmodeus opened the window, whistled, and, behold, instantaneously a conico-cylindrical boat, of the most pellucid crystal, was ready to receive us; it was supported by four winged monsters with enormous tails. Asmodeus stepped in first, and bade me follow. I did so, but not without much apprehension. Asmodeus, perceiving my agitation, said, "Must I get truly angry with you? Fear not, trust me, and you shall sail through the skies, and travel in the middle of cities without the least danger. Nay, from this instant you may at your option be *visible* or *invisible* to the rest of the world; take this telescope, by means of which you will be able to see through clouds and fogs, and even through the thickest walls of kingly and princely palaces."

Emboldened by this address, I took my seat on the right of Asmodeus, who having made a sign to our conductors, in a moment we ascended at an immense elevation. I was highly delighted at the prospect which now presented itself before my eyes, and as we were over London Asmodeus called my attention on what was beneath us. With the naked eye I thought it a beautiful panorama, but in making use of the telescope I was almost horror-struck by the striking contrast of luxury and wretchedness, of industry and slothfulness, I beheld. I could easily see some of the *privileged few* lying still in their splendid downy beds, while others of the same cast were preparing for their sumptuous breakfast. On the other hand, crowds of the *unfortunate many*, exposed to the inclemency of the season, were working very hard for their scanty pittance, while their families had not the common necessities of life at their miserable abodes. Here fearful misers were counting and idolizing their treasures. There heartless usurers were bargaining with the needy and improvident in order to assist them in their distress by exacting the moderate interest of 200 per cent. on the money they kindly supplied them with. I recognised several preachers of morality and continence in places of infamy and debauch. Many profligate noble and fashionable gamblers had not yet gone to bed, and appeared in a state of mind bordering on desperation in consequence of the losses they had sustained during the night. The debtors' prisons were crammed with inmates of both sexes, apparently thoughtless of their dreadful and degrading situation, because they were cheerfully conversing, breakfasting, laughing, and smoking. The roads of the environs leading to London seemed like streams pouring their waters into the great ocean of the metropolis, whose streets were crowded with persons running in all directions, while omnibuses, stage-coaches, hackney-coaches, and cabs of all shapes and sizes were driving at a furious rate without the least consideration for the lives of their fellow-creatures. Thousands of English and foreign vessels sailed up and down the wealthy Thames, while the counting-houses of the City began their business. In the inns of courts all was on the move. Clerks filling their bags with briefs and pleas ready to start for the hall; briefless barristers, cursing their stars, hastened towards the same place in the hope of obtaining a small fee for a motion of some undefended cause; solicitors were treating and drilling the witnesses that must appear in court in behalf of their clients. Plaintiffs, defendants, and their attorneys were in deep consultation with their counsel, who, notwithstanding the large fees endorsed on the briefs, had not yet opened them. While I was thus occupied, Asmodeus interrupted my reflections by asking, "What do you think of all that?"

"Wonderful and appalling!" rejoined I.

"Appalling, indeed, but not wonderful," said Asmodeus. "However, as you cannot understand many of the scenes you have contemplated from hence, I will explain to you a few of them. Look there," continued he, pointing to me a diminutive, black-haired individual, engaged in earnest conversation with two other persons in a back-parlour near Bloomsbury Square.

"Who are they?" asked I.

"The little man," resumed Asmodeus, "is an attorney, renowned for his shrewdness and *savoir-faire*. That short, thick, and bald epicurean-looking fellow is an Abbruzzese, whose deity *venter est*, and who, for a few shillings, would not scruple to swear the life of his own father. The tall, pale, thin, horse-faced being is an ignorant Calabrian. During many years he was a highwayman of the purest water. In 1814, to save himself from the gallows, he became a chief of Sbirri, and engaged to place in the hands of government his former comrades; but, as the salary he received was not sufficient for the carrying on his vicious habits, he premeditatedly murdered and robbed a rich old clergyman. Having soon been discovered, he succeeded in effecting his escape, and now drags on his existence by undertaking any dirty job. Both of them have just been bribed by the attorney, and have promised to swear black white, and white black in favour of his client."

"Oh, the monsters!" said I. "Pray, Asmodeus, let us go, because I am already sick of my existence; but if you continue such exposure I shall be tempted to throw myself overboard, and thus at once make my exit out of the world."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Asmodeus, laughing at my threat; "you will not commit such a blunder. Nay, if you did, then you would indeed give manifest proofs of your *insanity*. But to efface the disgusting sensation which the sight of those three brutes has excited in your mind, I will now show you two philanthropists. Do you see," added he, pointing to a private apartment near St. James's, "do you see that tall, handsome, and fair gentleman speaking very kindly with that grey-headed person?"

"Yes, I do," answered I.

"Well," said Asmodeus, "he is a generous, noble-hearted being; one of the few who do not either discard or stick to the wall their former friends because they are persecuted and in need. Poverty is a very great crime in your fashionable world; nay, the word *poor* is far more disagreeable to a fashionable ear than those of *swindler* and *rogue*. Look! look! he has now fetched a complete suit of his own clothes, and has requested the unfortunate man to try if they fit him. Remark how overjoyed he appears because his poor friend is again comfortably dressed. There, there, he is now giving him some cash, and, in parting, has said, 'Tirons la vie, mon ami viens me voir, et n'oublie pas que sur cette terre—esperance—confiance—c'est le réfrain—du Pèlerin.'"

"Bless him! bless him!" exclaimed I, "and may he never experience a cloudy day."

"Bah!" interrupted Asmodeus, "another blunder. You wish him what is impossible. Like yourself, he is a mortal, and must meet with the destiny allotted to all your race. Now, turn this way, and look at that venerable stout gentleman who has just entered into the debtors' prison. See how politely he is entreating that tall man to accept a *séours* which he has brought him. Remark how he is displeased because the debtor will not receive the gift unless the donor makes himself known to him. He has, however, said that he belongs to the bar; that he has by mere chance been informed of the misfortune of the prisoner, and has begged him to comply with his request,

assuring him that no living being should ever know that he had visited him. See, the poor man has taken the gift, and you may easily perceive that the benefactor's countenance openly reveals the joy he has felt in having performed another charitable action. Well, what do you think of him?"

"What I think?" replied I, with tears twinkling in my eyes. "I think that such a man ought to live for ever happy. What a sin that he is a barrister!"

"'Tis true," subjoined the devil; "because, generally speaking, the extreme selfishness of those learned wearers of tailed-wigs and long black gowns blunts in them all their better feelings and makes them think only of their own welfare; but the gentleman you have seen is the Phoenix of the bar, and not a Scotch barrister. We will now hasten our course," added Asmodeus, and the rapidity with which we began to fly was so great that I could scarcely discern the places over which we sailed. After a very short time France was beneath us, and Asmodeus having asked whether I should like to breakfast in Paris, "With all my heart," answered I, and in about twenty minutes we alighted in the Tuilleries, where the boat and its conductors disappeared.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and that enchanting garden was almost deserted by fashionable visitors; and I, having perceived around us numerous strange and hideous figures, inquired of Asmodeus what it meant, and who they were.

"My friend," replied the devil, "thank your stars and myself for being in your present privileged condition and invisible, because Paris is now become a very dangerous city, but especially the spot where we now are. The approaches of the person and palace of the citizen-king are at present under the most strict surveillance of the police; and as Louis Philippe beholds a regicide in every being who, either from curiosity or by mere chance happens to turn his head towards him, M. Delessert, the prefet of police, has encamped here all his best and most experienced Arguses, who, having received from him *carte-blanche*, may arrest on suspicion the most inoffensive man. Few persons, of course, choose to place themselves in so dreadful a situation, and therefore don't be surprised at what you see."

This disclosure caused in my mind a painful sensation, and having cast my eyes towards the apartment inhabited by Louis Philippe through the telescope, I saw that he was dressing. I particularly remarked that the queen was fastening on his royal person *a double patent steel waistcoat*, which of late he is compelled to wear even in his own palace. "But why does the queen perform that office?" asked I.

"Why," quoth Asmodeus, "for two strong reasons. First, because Louis Philippe don't like that it should be known as *a fact* that he constantly wears such a *kingly life-preserver*. Secondly, because at present, with the exception of his consort, he cannot trust his life into the hands of any body else.

"What a horrible existence!" observed I. "His royalty is not worth a straw. Indeed, my humble lodging in London is infinitely preferable to his palace, and the few shillings I obtain by honourable industry are well worth all his ill-acquired treasures."

"Bravo! bravo!" said Asmodeus, sarcastically. "What a philosopher you are. But we will leave Louis Philippe to take care of himself, if he can, and in the mean time we will go to breakfast *chez les frères provençaux*."

I nodded assent, because the extraordinary voyage I had just performed had rendered me rather hungry. In passing through Rue de Rivoli and the passage Delorme a number of *Philippist life-preservers* were to be easily recognised; but as I was happily out of their reach, I looked at them with contempt. As we entered the Palais Royal by the Gallerie Vitree I perceived a very tall, athletic man, with a long bushy beard, habited in rags, and wearing a hat in tatters; and, instead of boots or shoes, pieces of old cloth, fastened with cords around his feet. "Who is he?" asked I.

"He is the greatest living philosopher of France," replied Asmodeus; "he is a truly eccentric and extraordinary man. His name is Shoudruk Duclos. If you like I will introduce you to him, and I am sure you will find him worth your acquaintance."

I answered in the affirmative; and Asmodeus having overtaken Duclos and shaken hands with him, I was soon after formally introduced to the *man à la longue barbe*, well known to all those who have visited Paris. As we were going *chez les frères provençaux* we crossed the garden of the Palais Royal—at that hour generally crowded with persons who assemble there either to read the periodicals or to meet their friends. Those idlers, having observed Duclos apparently speaking to somebody whom they could not perceive, began to laugh and stare at him, and some of them dared also to hiss; but as soon as *l'homme à la longue barbe* turned his fierce countenance towards them, their laughter, staring, and hissing ceased immediately.

"Will you join us at breakfast?" said Asmodeus to Duclos, as we approached the *frères provençaux*. "Excusez, Monsieur, je ne puis pas," answered Duclos, "D'ailleurs si j'allais avec vous, on vous y recevrait mal; je vous attendrai ici." "But," observed Asmodeus, "let us go to breakfast together to your own house." "Avec plaisir," replied Duclos, "je serais charmé de vous y voir."

This proposal pleased me very much, for I was anxiously wishing to know what sort of abode could be inhabited by so distressed a being. Without much ceremony, *l'homme à la longue barbe* having placed himself between Asmodeus and myself, we proceeded through Rue Vivienne and along the Boulevards as far as Faubourg du Temple; there we entered into a narrow street, and, about two or three doors from Rue Mesley, we traversed a passage which led to an almost deserted spot, where only one house, surrounded by a high wall, was to be seen. Here Duclos drew a key from his pocket, and having opened a small gate, admitted us into his garden, and said, "Messieurs, attendez ici je serai à vous dans l'instant." During his absence Asmodeus and myself walked around the garden, which was well-stocked with shrubs, fruit-trees, flowers, and vegetables; and while we were again approaching to the habitation *l'homme à la longue barbe* presented himself to us, elegantly dressed, and with that politeness which is so familiar to Frenchmen, engaged us to enter into his front parlour.

I was truly surprised in finding that apartment comfortable in all respects ; and much more so when a clean and handsome girl, attired in the Norman fashion, came in to prepare the table for our breakfast. "Je ne farai point de ceremonies, Messieurs," said our host ; "vous accepterez ce que j'ai dans la maison. Souhaitez vous un morceau de paté de Strasbourg ou une volaille froide ? Prenez vous du café ou du chocolat ? Annette apporte du champagne et du chablis et six douzaines d'huîtres vertes."

"Stop ! stop !" said Asmodeus to Duclos. "Do you mean to kill my friend with your kind hospitality ? He is not a gourmand ; his bitterest enemies admit that. He is come to your house, not to feast on your viands and wine, but to enjoy your society." "En verité," subjoined I ; "acceptez, Monsieur, mes sincères remerciements for all you wish to treat me with ; mais je vous assure that since I have been in your company I feel no other appetite but that of hearing from your lips some particulars of your life, and the reason you may have in choosing to appear in public so dreadfully distressed, while at home you certainly enjoy every comfort." "Bien, bien," replied Duclos. "After breakfast your curiosity shall be satisfied, but on condition that at the first opportunity you will also recount to me some of your adventures." "Point de doute que je le ferai," answered I, "if Asmodeus will deign to conduct me here again." The devil was swallowing a glass of champagne while I spoke, and in endeavouring to say *yes*, was almost choked. Having cheerfully breakfasted, we ended our repast with an excellent cup of coffee, and then Shoudruk began his narration in the following manner :—

"I am a native of the South of France, or to speak plainly, 'un vrai Guascon.' My father was a wealthy, respectable, and respected clerk of the parliament, and from my very infancy placed me under the care of a worthy and well-informed curate of Avignon, who was my uncle ; from him I acquired much instruction, and learned the duties which a Christian owes to his God and his king." Asmodeus startled at this period, but Shoudruk continued. "In 1793, having scarcely accomplished my sixteenth year, I was unfortunately deprived both of my parents and my instructor, for they were all three brutally beheaded at Avignon by order of the bloody committee of public safety in consequence of their attachment to their religion and their king. From that event I was left alone in this world of deceit and selfishness without experience and without a guide. I followed, however, my studies ; but my mind was continually distracted by the appalling recollection of the past. In 1796 I inherited indirectly a large property. J'ai dit indirectment, parce que tout ce que mon père et mon oncle possédaient, devint propriété nationale du jour où ils furent guillotonnés. Having increased my financial resources I began to nourish a hope of avenging the blood of my parents, and having placed myself at the head of the *Verdets** of my province I harassed and destroyed many republican *sansculottes*, who had come from Paris to perpetrate all sorts of depreda-

* The Royalists of the south of France who formed themselves in bands against the Republicans were dressed in *green*, and consequently were called *Verdets*, or *Green Men*.

tions and cruelty in our districts. But when Napoleon annihilated the convention, and erected the triumviral consulate, I emigrated to Italy in order to avoid further persecution. There I spent four years, travelling and enjoying all that a young and independent mortal can enjoy in that paradise of Europe. At last, when Napoleon permitted all the emigrants to return to their country, I settled at Marseilles, where I became much renowned in consequence of my personal attractions, of my extraordinary skill and good luck in duelling, and of my natural eccentricity. Messieurs, j'ai été toujours amoureux du beau sexe, mais à cette époque j'en étais fou, et jaloux, and being naturally too selfish on that score when I was opposed in my ardent desire, I generally made my rivals in love pay with their lives for having dared to vie with me in the way of pleasure. Would to God that it were in my power to recal from the grave my unfortunate antagonists; it should be done with all my heart. At Marseilles I became acquainted with a smart young advocate, who was also a favourite of the fair sex, a good duellist, and a perfect *Bon-vivant*. His name was Peyronnet. With him during many years I shared both pleasures and pains;—my purse was always at his disposal, and more than once I put my own existence in jeopardy to save his life and reputation. Je vous le jure, Messieurs, qu' alors Peyronnet et moi nous ne représentions qu'un seul individu. In 1815, after the restoration of our legitimate king, Peyronnet hastened to Paris, in hope of obtaining some preferment at the bar, having been well recommended by M. Ravez to the then all-powerful Abbé Montesquieu; and I lost sight of him. Comme il est aussi, "Un vrai Guascon" il joua si bien ses cartes qu'en 1820, il avait déjà obtenu le Portefeuille de la justice avec le titre de Comte de Peyronnet. As soon as I was informed of his good fortune I addressed to him from Marseilles a letter of congratulation, and begged of him to remember me, car mes amours, et mes duels avaient prequ' aneanti mes finances. Having received no answer I wrote again, but with no better success. Then I determined to repair to Paris, in order to see whether my personal application to my old friend Peyronnet would meet with the same reception from Count de Peyronnet, Minister of Justice. In short I came to Paris, called at the Hotel of the Minister, gave my card to the usher, and requested him to inform me when the Count would deign to receive me. J'attendis envain une reponse pendant quelques jours. At last I called again, and was informed by the usher that His Excellency could not see me, but that if I had any important business to communicate to him, I was to address myself to his secretary. Dieu de Dieu! This message struck me to the quick, I felt so much offended by the want of gratitude of Peyronnet, que s'il eût été alors devant moi je l'aurais certainement assommé. However, having with great difficulty stifled my anger, I left the Hotel with the intention of endeavouring to speak to him. In fact a few days after I posted myself at the gate of his Hotel, and when, at his return from the court, Peyronnet descended from his carriage, I politely addressed him in my usual way.—He stared at me, as if he wished to

recollect me, and then said—*que me voulez vous? je ne vous connais pas.*

Here Shoudruk suddenly stopped, apparently much excited by narrating the unworthy, and ungrateful conduct of Peyronnet; and after having remained with his eyes shut for a minute or two, he resumed by saying—*je vous demands pardon, Messieurs, I have been in some measure absent from you, because with my thought I have paid a short visit to my former acquaintance Peyronnet, I will not call him a friend, because friendship is indeed a *rara avis* in our days; nay, from what Cicero has written on it in his *Lælius*, it must have been almost the same with our ancestors. But to return to my narration. To the few words addressed to me by the brutal Minister I answered not; but my looks, having spoken volumes to him, caused his hasty disappearance. I returned to my apartment with feelings indescribable. Ingratitude is perhaps the worst and most common vice of mankind; but it always retains its contemptible ugliness. D'abord je voulus le tuer, et me suicider ensuite; but afterwards I changed my mind, because I was unable to conquer my innate aversion to suicide. To challenge a Minister of the Crown was also impossible without incurring first an imprisonment, and afterwards a strict surveillance of the Police. To abuse him by letter I thought mean and degrading. Consequently I determined to expose his conduct towards me through the press, and having done so, I caused a great uproar against his Excellency; and the satirical little journals of Paris, having soon taken hold of my exposure, ridiculed for years the ungrateful Guascon, and at his expense amused their readers. Then to cast a greater shame on Peyronnet (whether I acted right or wrong it is not for me to judge), I became in public "*L'homme à la longue barbe*;" and during ten years it has been my greatest delight to pass several times every day before the Hotel of the Minister in the distressed state in which you have already seen me. When in 1830 the proud Peyronnet was unexpectedly overthrown from his grandeur, and was even deprived of his civil rights, I truly pitied my former acquaintance, and I assure you that I am very glad that he has been again restored to liberty and civil life. Now I will briefly tell you why since 1830 I have not changed my conduct with regard to my dress in public. Every man has his foible, and habit, once deeply rooted in us, is very difficult to eradicate. My shabby and disgusting appearance has been for years my pride, because I thought that the public remarked in me a living monument of the ingratitude of the human heart. Therefore I shall end my days in the same accoutrement. With regard to my finances I have an annuity sufficient to my wants: besides I obtain some additional comforts from literary, and political articles which I furnish to the Royalist Journals; and here let me candidly acknowledge that I respect all political tenets, but that I am still a staunch Royalist, not only because I was brought up so, but because all those who were most dear to me in this valley of tears and darkness have been sacrificed for the same cause. But enough of myself for the present, perhaps when we meet again I may recount to you some of my*

amorous anecdotes; for Love and Politics have been my youth's and manhood's plagues. I most sincerely thanked Shoudruk, and Asmodeus having intimated that we were to resume our aerial excursion, we walked all three into the garden. The devil whistled, our boat was again in readiness. Duclos shook hands with both of us, wished us bon voyage; and away we went flying through the skies. After a short silence on both sides Asmodeus said, "Well, what did you think of Duclos?" "He is indeed a true philosopher, answered I, and certainly very few would imagine that he is endowed with such feelings and good sense. Here the devil gave me a friendly lecture about my own *foibles*, during which my spirits became much depressed." Asmodeus perceiving it cried "Hallo! hallo! let us be merry again, take the telescope and look beneath you." "What a majestic panorama!" observed I. "Those are the Alps," resumed Asmodeus.

* * * * *

A GERMAN ROMANCE,

SUNG BY MADAME CARADORI ALLAN.

Ist es wahr? Ist es wahr?
Dass du stets dort in dem Laubgang
An der Weinwand meiner harrst?
Und den Mondschein und die Sternelein
Auch nach mir befragst?

Ist es wahr? Sprich! . . .
Was ich fühle, das begreift
Nur die esmit fühlt,
Und die treu mir ewig bleibt.

TRANSLATION.

Is it true?—Is it true?
That thy gentle heart for mine is yearning,
When through the vine arcades thou rovest?
That the silent moon and planets burning,
Still bear thee ask for him thou lovest?

Is it true?—Dearest, say!—
None my feelings can divine,
Save her alone,—who feels with me,
Save her alone whose love is mine.

J. S. C.

A REVERIE IN REGENT-STREET.

"That sigh

We sometimes give to forms that pass us by

In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain :

Creatures of light we never see again."

MOORE—LALLA ROOKH.

ONE gloriously fine day in "the season" I was lounging about the west end of the town, wondering what could induce people to smoke and dust themselves amidst the mephitic vapours of a town, when they might be revelling in the pure breezes of the country. For myself, I was unhappily chained to London by business of importance; otherwise the glades of Devon, the mountains of Cumberland, or the downs of sweet Sussex, would assuredly have been my sojourn at the time of which I am writing. I strolled into St. James's Park, where the bit of green and the patches of vegetation were refreshing to the eye, and amused myself for half an hour by looking at the pretty nursery-maids who went there to be looked at. I quitted the park through the gate by the Duke of York's column, and remembered the squib which was let off by one of the radical prints at the time the statue was "by merit raised to that bad eminence;" which squib was, I suspect, manufactured and ignited by Leigh Hunt. Here it is —

"See, see the good duke perched as high as a steeple,
His face to the guards, his back to the people.
Well, his *creds* must confess 'twas consistently done,
They petitioned for bread, and were answered with stone."

By the way, the said statue is, very properly no doubt, elevated far above all human criticism on its sculpture. The artist, with a noble contempt for the opinions of mere men, has submitted his achievement to the judgment of the angels. 'Tis pity the same plan was not adopted with regard to Canning's effigy, the green monster in Palace Yard, the beauties of which are undoubtedly beyond the genius of mortals to discover.

I continued my lounge through the Opera colonnade, the Haymarket, and the Quadrant. On arriving in Regent-street I sauntered still slower, the more conveniently to speculate upon the varied and lively scene. Carriages of all sizes and shapes, coroneted and uncoroneted, from the ponderous family tub, large enough to accommodate eight people and a week's provisions, to the slight and elegant landau;—phaetons, pony-chairs, and dark-coloured mysterious-looking cabs, were dashing and whirling about, to the delight of their drivers and the terror of all pedestrians not suicidically disposed. There was seen a lumbering, antique, worn-out old hackney coach, with a ducal coronet and huge heraldic emblazonments on its ample pannels, sneaking along among the dashing modern equipages

as if ashamed of its present appearance, and thinking on days of former splendour—days of hoops, link-boys, and running footmen, unlike these degenerate times—when it was foremost in the press, and listened complacently to the stentorian roar of “The Duke of ——’s carriage stops the way.”

“Oh! times admired and mourned!”

The poor old coach looked as uncomfortable as we might imagine a decayed gentleman would feel on suddenly encountering a party of fashionables with whom he had formerly been intimate, and being conscious of a fracture in the elbow of his vesture.

I was beginning to moralize upon the crazy vehicle, and the jaded cattle that with hanging heads were tugging it along, and was complacently drawing a vastly original parallel between them and the decay of human grandeur, and the consequent futility of human pride, when my attention was attracted by a very different object.

Opposite to the door of a shop was drawn up a barouche, in which was seated the fairest creature my eye e’er dwelt upon,—a being such as those that visit us in dreams, and leave us in despair that earth’s mould can produce aught lovely enough to vie in its reality with the uncorporeal images of imagination. I was entranced in the bright apparition of beauty; my senses were rapt in the one ecstasy of gazing; and I became insensible to all objects save that which had rivetted my attention. I passed and re-passed as if waiting, but was careful that the point of attraction should not be perceivable. The lady held a volume, the leaves of which she turned over with her right hand, ungloved, and of such marble whiteness! Occasionally her eye stole from the page towards the shop window, with an expression slightly approaching to impatience. “Excellent,” thought I; “her mind is as rich and cultivated as her person is beautiful. She disdains the petty trifling of shopping, and prefers the charms of literature to lace and laventines.” I then observed that her broad high forehead presented, phrenologically, a remarkable developement of the intellectual and perceptive faculties. The bonnet unfortunately prevented me from speculating on the posterior half of her skull. “And she must be amiable,” I argued, “for with what sweet resignation she waits the convenience of her friends.” As I contemplated her in the pride of her glorious beauty, I almost sorrowed that the visions of mythology had been dispersed, and I wished myself a pagan that I might believe her to be a goddess. But the silk bonnet with blonde edging, the rich lavender-coloured dress, were sad hinderances to these classic fancies. One cannot well associate the idea of a goddess with a fashionably-trimmed gown and Mrs. Bell’s corsets, nor imagine a veritable feminine angel in shoulder-of-mutton sleeves. Virgil tells us that Venus herself got rid of all superfluous clothing, even though the costume of a nymph, before she was fully apparent as divine—

“—— pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea,”

Perhaps it is some consideration of this kind which causes modern fashionable belles to be emulous of the nudity of antiquity.

I had been absorbed in contemplating secretly and undisturbed for about a quarter of an hour when the lady signed to her footman, who let down the steps of the carriage. She alighted, and vanished within the shop where I imagined were her friends. I concluded she had gone for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of their delay. "More excellent still," I soliloquized; "her exalted mind cannot comprehend that intelligent beings should trifle away their precious moments over toys and baubles!" This, I thought, was an opportunity not to be neglected. I determined to go also into the shop and purchase something. I should then hear the sweet tones of her voice—I might chance to catch some sentiment as it fell from the lips of beauty. *Mais Helas!* I was doomed to be disappointed. A single glance at the shop window showed me, that its owner did not deal in a single article which could by any possibility be required by a creature of the masculine gender:—not a knife, ring, buckle, glove, nor even a ribbon, offered the shadow of an excuse for entrance. Nothing appeared in the window but Brobdignagian balls of cotton and colossal skeins of thread, with a notification in stained glass to the following effect—"EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE WORK TABLE." I never saw a shop so exclusively feminine. Had it been even a milliner's, one might have bought a ribbon for one's eye-glass, or some yards of white satin for favours; but what the devil could a man want with thread, cotton, and thimbles? I was brought to a dead halt. To effect an entrance seemed impossible, unless by sheer audacity, which might possibly terminate in summary ejection, or other disagreeable adventures. So I was compelled to wait with patience the re-appearance of the fair vision, consoling myself with the reflection that a nearer contact might, after all, break the spell of enchantment in which I was bound. The voice might not be so melodious, the expressions might be frivolous or meaningless, or I might detect some excrescence or defect destructive of the poetry of perfect beauty with which my soul was filled. Altogether, I resolved (perforce) to e'en let her dwell as she was, like a half-defined dream of rapture, the more delicious from its indistinctness, and leave imagination to fill up the sketch. I remembered the curious metaphysical conceit wherewith Cowley addressed a young lady,—

"Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
Than women can be placed by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee."

At the moment I was repeating these verses to myself I saw my friend Tom Tivett advancing. I took his proffered hand, exclaiming, "The very man I want. You know every body, and can no doubt tell me who a lady is that I expect every moment will emerge from yonder shop."

"Can't stop an instant, my good fellow," said Tom. "I am going down to Frank Redmond's: he is breeding a bull-dog for me,—such a creature! the genuine breed. It would throw you into ecstasies only to look at his muzzle. You never saw such a perfect picture!"

"Zounds and the devil!" I exclaimed; "you are enough to drive

a man mad—raving about your cursed bull-dog's muzzle just after I have been contemplating the divinest woman earth affords! Well, *Chacun a son gout.*"

"Oh! I can't afford the time to be sentimental in town. I doff the heroics with my shooting-jacket and leathern gaiters. Nevertheless, it is worth while to see 'the divinest woman earth affords,' so I'll give you five minutes. Is that the carriage of your incognita?" I assented. "I do not know the arms," continued Tom, "I dare say, after all, she is nobody."

"Hush!" I interrupted—"she comes."

"Which?—the lady with blonde edging to her bonnet?"

"The same. Who is she, in Jove's name?"

"Bless my soul, don't you know?—I thought every body knew Mrs. H——."

"I almost screamed as I echoed his last words. "Mrs. H——!" I exclaimed—"Is she then married?"

"To be sure she is," replied Tom, with a coolness for which I could have cut his throat. "Her husband is a rich old fellow between sixty and seventy: she married him for his yellow boys, and he spliced her for her beauty. She don't know B from a bull's foot. Her mother was a washerwoman."

"The fiend seize you for a merciless destroyer of the most beautiful day-dream I ever enjoyed. But surely you must be joking."

"Not I. She is veritably married to an old Cræsus of a sugar baker, and consoles herself for being tied to a piece of antiquity by making amorous advances to the brandy-bottle. She tipples cogniac famously. But come, do walk down and see my bull-dog, there's a good fellow."

I could no longer endure this horrible transition from the poetry of beauty to brandy and bull-dogs. I darted away, leaving Tom staring after me in surprise. Despite, however, of his malicious insinuations—and I never knew a creature who so gloried in destroying poetry and romance—I was in love, if I remember rightly, for very nearly three days.

CAIUS.

LINES TO ANNA.

OH! for a strain of Orpheus' lyre,
A spark of godlike Homer's fire,
For Flaccus' wit, or Maro's lays,
To tell her worth and sing her praise.
Fair of her stature, fair of face,
In every feature dwells a grace.
A swan-like neck, and polished brow,
More white to look upon than snow.
Bewitching eyes, of melting blue,
And lips that mock the coral's hue.
Methinks some nymph of Fairy land,
An exile from Titania's band,
Has flown for refuge to our isle,
And ta'en my Anna's form the while.

PAUL DE WALBERG.

"..... Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction."

BYRON.

It was in the early part of the autumn of 1786 that I arrived a stranger in P—. Business, not necessary to my narrative, had obliged me to pay it a visit, though it was not of a nature likely to render my stay considerable. P— lay cut of the way of all my connexions, and, destitute of introduction to the residents, my time, for the most part, lay at my own disposal. There are few things so uncheering as a constrained sojourn in a large town, where one is without acquaintance, and obliged to depend for amusement solely upon one's own resources. When the occupations of the day were over, I was fain to wander about in a melancholy manner, eyeing the dingy streets, and forming one of the crowd, without the benefit of their daily communion. A stroll, too, into the country in the vicinity would sometimes form my evening's relaxation; but I set out without a companion, traversed the places I visited with much indeed to see, but little to interest, and returned without greeting or notice to my melancholy lodgings. I will not say that I did not experience much civility and attention from the people to whom the house belonged in which I had located myself, but such distant attentions little compensated for the kindnesses of acquaintanceship.

In this stagnation of hospitable intercourse, it was by mere accident that I fell into the company of Paul de Walberg. The *table d'hôte* I was in the habit of frequenting was visited by a number of respectable persons; but among the variety of countenances I was consequently beholding, there was not one who seemed inclined to court the society of an unintroduced stranger. Walberg was, however, an exception. To a prepossessing exterior he united the most gentlemanly manners; and, after a few common-place civilities had passed, he seemed to think no formal introduction was necessary for our better acquaintance. Business sufficiently employing both during the middle of the day, we did not frequently meet until the approach of evening. But our friendship ripened daily, and, understanding that I had not yet become acquainted with the objects worthy the attention of visitors, he kindly undertook to become my *cicerone*. I found him a person of much information, and to his observations many of the things of which he had volunteered the exhibition owed a double relish. Thus the tedium of my stay was considerably lightened, and I found myself gradually acquiring even something like a partiality for the city. The abstract attractions of the place, however, could not take the credit of this, for I was very well convinced it lay in the influence and attentions of Walberg. Time seemed to fly lighter with me, and I became reconciled to my situation.

We had been companions some time before I became aware that he had any relation resident in P——, or that he maintained any recognised establishment. I was, however, agreeably undeceived. One evening, when our communications were sufficiently intimate to turn upon personal matters, he satisfied me upon both points. "I am somewhat particular," said he,"—made so by circumstances—in my male acquaintance, which will account for my not having earlier introduced you to my only surviving relation. She is my sister, and at present resident in P——. I shall have the pleasure this evening, if agreeable, of introducing her to you. I think you will be pleased by her society. You will, at once, be able to perceive my motives for not, in the first instance, having made you acquainted. It is not every person with whom I associate that I would be solicitous of presenting to her. We are, sometimes, excusably delicate on these points; are we not?"

"We are; and it adds to my esteem to find you so."

"We have passed," said he, "the bounds of mere acquaintanceship, and I trust that our ripening friendship will, contrary to what is ordinarily the case, be enduring. Attracted first to your society by the dictates of courtesy, I regard it now as a thing to be coveted. I am not wont to flatter, and therefore my assertions are more worthy of credibility. I trust that we shall be able to lighten the tedium of your stay in P——. You do not, I believe, contemplate long remaining?"

"I do not," said I. "Matters may' by a possibility, take a contrary turn and lengthen the duration of my visit: but if things fall out as I anticipated before my arrival, I shall, in a few days, receive directions to move to another part of the country."

The evening had deepened into twilight ere we arrived at Walberg's house. I was surprised at its good appearance. I had looked upon him, certainly, as a person of consideration, but was not prepared for the very great superiority of his abode. I had, indeed, detected in his air and address the insinuating *politesse* of the higher class; but he was wholly free from the *hauteur* which too usually accompanies it. His dress was handsome, but unpretending, and his conversation was remarkable for being indifferent to the "pride, and pomp, and circumstance" of fashion and distinction. I set him down in my own mind for a *gentleman*—a character too often associated with appearances and pretension. There was little, indeed, of the latter in the composition of Walberg. He appeared to despise ceremony as a base coin generally substituted for the sterling ore of civility, and seemed to look with an eye of elevated contempt upon the frivolous barriers with which dignity seeks to fortify its exclusiveness.

Walberg's house was situated in one of the best of the retired streets. It was old-fashioned, though handsome and spacious balustrades ran along the front, antique pilasters supported the upper cornice, moulded architraves edged the windows, and the door was approached by a handsome flight of stone steps. Approaching his house, Walberg quitted my arm and motioned me to precede him.

I did so, and, mounting the steps, we entered a roomy hall, abounding in architectural decoration. Lights were about the house, and we were received by several domestics in substantial-looking liveries. I had not much time for observation, for my conductor led the way quickly to the upper story, and, throwing open a door, ushered me into an apartment, richly, even splendidly, furnished.

The room was illuminated, as if for company; and, advancing to a lady seated on a sofa at the other end of the room, Walberg introduced me to his sister. His easy and polished address soon made the conversation general, and my host, his sister, and myself, were, in a short time, on excellent terms with each other. I found her a person of much information, evidently one who had mixed with the world, and possessed of the same prepossessing manners as her brother. Her age I took to be about two and twenty; and to a beautiful face and slender figure she added the graces of good nature. Without affectation, her appearance was calculated to make a decided impression; and, had I not, at that time, been travelling fast on towards forty, might have stood some risk from her fascinations. My character had, however, been always particularly sedate and unromantic; and, even in youth, I think I could have gone through the ordeal uninfluenced.

As I had anticipated, company was expected. This, I learnt, was the case nearly every evening. While resident in P—, they were accustomed to mix much with society; but on retiring to a country residence, some forty or fifty miles from town, which had been in their family for years, their visits to which were long and frequent, they were in the habit of living, by choice, entirely secluded. The number of those expected was, however, somewhat limited; and the evening was passing off agreeably enough. Conversation, cards, and music, supplied sufficient amusement; and a small though splendid banquet wound up the entertainments of the evening. The company, however, retired early, and by one o'clock I was at home and in bed.

Short as I had anticipated my stay was now doomed to be, that of Walberg at his town residence was still shorter. His removals were frequently capricious; but, on this occasion, business of some importance required his presence in the country. I was soon informed of the journey and its cause, accompanied with pressing invitations, if the place to which they were going lay at all in my way, that I would, on leaving P—, pay them a friendly visit, and remain as long as might be compatible with my current avocations. Their behaviour was so extremely friendly, and their request, seemingly, so very sincere, that it was with great reluctance I declined the invitation. Inadvertently, however, I happened to mention the towns I was appointed to take in my route after leaving the city; and, seizing the opportunity, they declared the variation of distance would be nothing, and insisted that I should take their residence in my way. After some difficulty, I found myself obliged to comply. To tell the truth, this arrangement was the reverse of disagreeable, for I had become attached to Walberg's society, and fancied I should find in his place of residence a gratifying relief from the uniformity of

inn accommodation. They therefore departed with my promise of speedily seeing them again.

The objects for which I was located in P—— having been brought to a satisfactory termination, I only awaited further directions, to at once begin my southern journey. Completing the necessary arrangements for my expected emigration sufficiently employed my attention for some time. I gave notice to my landlord, and began to pack my *portmanteau*, rejoicing in the anticipation of seeing at least a little variety. My liberation at length came in the shape of hints for my further movements; and it was with gayer feelings than I had for some time experienced that I made my final preparations for departure. I was debating in my own mind—for since Walberg's removal I had few confidants—whether to take the Diligence or hire a horse would be most answerable both for purse and conveniency. I decided for the latter, and provided myself with an excellent roadster, well calculated to bear the fatigues of a long and cross-country journey.

Having settled all preliminaries to satisfaction, I set out from P——, my *portmanteau*—one made for the purpose—tightly strapped upon the back of my steed. My route was condemned to be rather circuitous, for I had to go out of my direct way to Walberg's part of the country, to visit the city of——. I had never been here before, and the one night I spent in it passed away agreeably enough.

Anxious to do all which I was appointed, in as short a space as possible, I hurried away, and took the road which would introduce me to the division of country in which lay several of the places at which I was expected to touch. I found my horse very serviceable, and my journey was, altogether, particularly exhilarating. The effect of fine country upon the mind, revelling in all the brilliancy of summer sunshine, is intrinsically great; and, unwearied with uniformity, fresh and varying objects of beauty were being daily presented. I was ever a lover of fine scenery, and fully appreciated the superiority of that through which I passed. I was also fortunate in the season; for it was the commencement of summer, and the country had all the advantages of a fine light and intrinsic floridity. The trees were clothed with leaves, the woods were massive with verdure, and the grass was of the richest green. These, added to a rich blue sky and agreeable temperature, were calculated to convey the *beau ideal* of rustic splendour.

After a route of considerable length, I turned towards Walberg's part of the country, and took the road towards the town beyond which, as I was informed, lay his estate. I set out early in the morning, and expected to reach the latter place ere night. My horse had had the benefit of some day's rest, and was therefore in very good condition. His capabilities of supporting fatigue were, however, put to a good test as the day advanced. I was, after mid-day, no longer able to prosecute the public road that led to G——; for I found, to reach Walberg's place of residence, I had to cross a wide tract of secluded country. It was with feelings of regret, that I turned short off into a narrow bridle-road, that seemed to go winding down amongst a mass of woods, and threatened, as I advanced

to become very rough. This part of the country seemed to be very thinly inhabited, and it was only here and there that I could, perhaps, perceive in the distance the brown roof of a lone and ruinous-looking cottage. To add to my vexation, I found, owing to the increasing difficulty of the way, that I was making little progress, and that the afternoon was waning fast into obscurity.

Such was the uncheering nature of my prospects, when I found myself entering a straggling tract of forest-land, darkened in some places by the thickness of the foliage, and the anticipated shadows of evening opening, in others, to display fresh perspectives of wood and eminence. Evening was gradually advancing, and the distance began to sink into obscurity. The silent and mysterious uniformity of the road, too, was very melancholy. The sun was fast descending, and some dark clouds were gathering over the west. The sunshine had, however, not yet waned away, and a deep red flush dwelt on the distant wood summits; and as I rode along, and the forest opened, sometimes streamed richly, though solitarily, across my path. I travelled in this way for some miles, without seeing a soul, or describing a habitation, or any thing that told of inhabitants, in the distance.

To tell the precise truth, the forest had a banditti air, and it was with some alarm that I made my horse increase his speed. Sometimes a rook would come lazily and unexpectedly winging its way right across my road, and break upon the utter stillness of the unmoving landscape with an unearthly-sounding and monotonous caw!

My direction to Walberg's house had been pretty good, and, though surprised at the great loneliness of the district in which it lay, I had strong hopes of readily finding it. Indeed, had my instructions been uncertain, there could not have been much difficulty in the latter respect, for wherever it lay I was very well convinced it must be the only abode for many miles.

Fast as I now travelled, I found that the daylight would not last me much longer. The road became more narrow, and the trees, as heretofore, sometimes breaking off into distance, and standing in groups of eight or ten, in some places actually threw their branches over my path. Besides I saw deep places, shelving off to a considerable extent, on my right and left, and was sometimes so enclosed with the forest giants that I could see nothing beyond. I had now the last of twilight, and the scene appeared to wax gloomier and gloomier. I now, however, advanced more quickly, and was certain that I could not be far from the object of my journey.

As I had anticipated, so it proved. On a sudden break in the rough and narrow bridle road, I perceived, some distance in advance, the gate and walls of an ancient building. On a nearer approach I found it had the same air of silence, neglect, and desolation, which the country in which it was situated so decidedly possessed. It seemed as if those who had been its inhabitants were in their tombs. Its ancient gate-way was crumbling into ruin; the few windows were mere loopholes, and darkened with heavy wood mouldings; its walls were fantastically edged out with old red bricks, and its gables abounding in eccentric zig-zags, corners, and parapets, overgrown with moss.

"Can this," I said to myself, "be the residence of Walberg?" Not more astonished was I at the appearance of the antique building, than at the sound of the sullen gate-bell, which I pulled with a hesitating hand. It was as hollow as that of a convent, and broke strangely and mournfully upon the silence around. It had an uncomfortable effect upon the nerves, as if it had no business to disturb the general solemnity. After its last long vibration had ceased, and the landscape was restored to its pristine quietude, I turned round and took a hasty view of what was around me. The house was shut in by gloomy woods, rising sometimes one above another, sometimes descending into miniature glens, and here and there drawing off into vistas, the profundity of whose colouring a *Salvator Rosa* might have envied. Over a distant glimpse of elevated woodland a full and yellow moon was majestically rising, mingling its faint and spirit-like beams with the last blue of the retiring twilight. Turning again to the gate, I caught a glance of a suspicious-looking face, eyeing me from a slit in the wall. It was immediately withdrawn, and after a tedious interval the gate was unbarred and cautiously unclosed. A tall tolerably-dressed porter stood at the entrance, the innate grimness of whose physiognomy struck me forcibly. However, he tried to look respectful; and, making known my business, I was conducted across a small court, sadly neglected, into the interior of the building.

Having ushered me into a spacious oak chamber, the servant left me, promising to make Walberg acquainted with my arrival. I was left a long time to my own reflections, which somehow or other happened to be not of a very exhilarating character. The neglected appearance of the house, and the secluded place in which it lay, much surprised me. At length Walberg entered the room, and I eagerly advanced to greet him. He received me kindly, though I thought there was something strangely wayward in his address. The smile with which he used to meet me was wanting, and in its place was something like a smirk of affected good-nature. His eyes too, when they fell upon me, had something disagreeable; and it was as much to escape from an embarrassment which I felt gaining ground over me, as for any other reason, that I eagerly enquired after his sister. Satisfying me regarding my enquiry, he rose and offered to conduct me to the apartment in which she was.

Mounting a wide flight of gusty stairs, we passed through a dimly lighted gallery, and, on reaching its farther end, entered an old-fashioned chamber, scantily furnished, and looking not over-comfortable. I found Agatha Walberg seated in the window. She rose as I entered, and expressed her pleasure at my presence. My diffidence of the sincerity of their welcome gradually evaporated, and the same confidential hilarity worked itself into our conversation which had so agreeably characterized our intercourse in town. There was something so particularly easy and good-natured in the disposition of Walberg's sister, that I was inclined to envy him the enjoyment which her society afforded. "Blessed with such amiable companionship," said I to him, "you cannot find your residence so dispiriting and monotonous as I at first imagined it to be." Further conversation was suspended at the instance of Walberg, who insisted that I

must needs be in want of refreshment, and proposed that I should visit my apartment while what fare the house afforded was being prepared to lay before me. I acquiesced in both propositions, and was conducted by a domestic to an old-fashioned sleeping-room, that looked upon a half-ruined terrace.

Having disencumbered myself of the paraphernalia of travelling, and completed my ablutions, I descended to the lower story; but must, among the dimly lighted passages and puzzling corners, have lost my direct way, for apparently I had approached the sitting chamber in which I had found Agatha Walberg, by a disused means of communication. I did not even perceive my mistake till I was stopped by a sash door, the glass of which was, on the other side, veiled by curtains, and was startled by the neighbourhood of voices. I was immediately about to retire, when my attention was arrested by the mention of my own name—curiosity made me linger. The speakers were Walberg and his sister, and they almost spoke in whispers. This apparent caution surprised me, and I felt no longer inclined to doubt the propriety of my situation. It was with some difficulty that I could catch the purport of what they were saying. I heard Agatha Walberg enquire if I had come with the intention of long remaining. "He has not," said Walberg, "and if he had, that is little to the purpose. I have no doubt, close as he is, that the fellow's rich. At all events, I am pretty sure he has now with him money belonging to those for whom he travels, to a considerable amount." Here he named several of the towns I had visited, and seemed familiar with the purposes of my route. "Our game," continued Walberg, "has lately been very scanty; my men are beginning to murmur; and I know if something is not soon done, they will break out into insubordination. His coming is opportune, for I scarcely expected him. We need debate no longer—the die is cast, and this night he will sleep with his fathers."

The reader can better imagine than I can describe my feelings at this moment; I was astounded. I was, for the moment, incapable of either thinking or retreating. I had heard that my death was decreed by the very man whom I had looked upon as my friend. The very hopelessness of my situation smote me with a terror that incapacitated me for even debating on the means or chance of extrication. However, I had enough presence of mind left me to be convinced that the only course to be pursued was to act and look entirely as if nothing had happened. I thought of escaping at the moment; but reason suggested its impossibility. The forest extended, without a habitation, for many miles. I was enclosed by high walls, and my escape must be almost immediately detected. Dreading that my presence might be missed, I hurried back, and took the direct way to Walberg's apartment.

Neither were in the slightest degree discomposed at my entrance. They were precisely the same as I had left them; and I asked myself how such consummate dissimulation could be acquired. Their behaviour was extremely friendly, and I was determined to keep as strong a guard over myself as possible. Convinced that my only chance of escape lay in letting them imagine I had not the slightest

diffidence of their hospitality, I forced myself to fall in with the prevailing spirit, and succeeded better than I could have anticipated. About eleven o'clock a domestic, as he was called, but one whom I now set down as one of the gang, was desired to conduct me to my apartment. They bade me "good night," and I retired. The words fell like ice upon my heart. As the door closed behind me, "Thank God," cried I mentally, "I am now left to myself." Summoning all my courage to my aid, I compressed my lips, and determined to act as coolly and determinedly as possible. The servant left me at the door of my apartment, and, with the lamp which he had carried in my hand, I entered that which Walberg had determined should be my grave!

Having closed and locked the door, I sat down and began to think of what had best be done: "My death," said I, "decreed by the man who was most forward in protestation, whose conduct has been uniformly generous and free-hearted; to whom *appearances* bore the highest testimony! His sister too, educated, amiable, and fascinating, a partner in his guilt. His residence, doubtless, the strong hold of banditti; and himself, evidently their chief. These things sound strange, and actual conviction could alone have satisfied me of their truth. Could I have detected it? could I have suspected it? There is even some consolation in knowing that no foresight, no caution, no suspicion, could have enabled me to avoid my present situation. The determination to avoid my fate, if earthly means would permit me,—or, at the worst, to sell my life at as dear a rate as possible, gave me an artificial self-possession. This feeling may have partaken of the calmness of mere desperation; but it enabled me to have all my senses alive to the slenderest chance of extrication, and gave me a clear and calculating judgment. Had there been something like a promising hope of escape, I should have been flattered; but, knowing there was the merest possibility, I found I could face the thoughts of death with a substantial courage.

At this moment the clock struck the half-hour after eleven—all was quiet within and without the house. The night was rather dark, though now and then the moon would faintly struggle out of the masses of cloud, and stream indecisively across the forest. The wind, too, I found was rising; and I could hear, at a great distance, the reverberating roll of thunder. I rose, went to my *portmanteau*, and drew out my pistols. The two barrels of each had before been doubly loaded; and, as I grasped them, a relieving sensation of possessing protection stole over me. I examined the window to see if I could manage an escape through it; but this I found extremely problematical, owing to the height. The terrace, however, extended below me; and I determined, if no other means presented, to have recourse to these

Having fully satisfied myself that there were no trap-doors or sliding panels, at least, such as were at all cognizable, I took the money which I had carried, out of my *portmanteau*, and, putting it into a small leather case, disposed of it about my person. The door afforded the most likely means of escape; for, till I could find an egress, I might, perhaps, remain in the dark passages undiscovered

Having extinguished my lamp, I cautiously unclosed the door, locking it again on the outside, that no pursuer from my bed-room—which would be, of course, their first object—might be able to follow. I did not then doubt that there must be some secret means of obtaining access to it. What these means might be, not even the very rigorous examination I had made enabled me to discover; and I had no reason to suppose I had missed any thing in the natural hurry and unavoidable disturbance of my spirits. At any rate, I was quite clear that I should have remained undisturbed for two or three hours, in which time, had no suspicion been awakened, I should have been both a-bed and fast asleep. My blood ran cold even at the bare idea of being thus murdered in my slumbers! As matters stood, there was one great advantage in this politic delay;—thinking me equally quiet and unsuspecting, I had the chance of turning this interval to the very best account. Certain that I had not given the slightest reason for any misgiving of my intentions, I was, comparatively speaking easy on the subject of there being any immediate stir against me. The old mansion, too, was so bewildering and extensive in its dispositions, that although, in one particular, it militated against my chances of escape, any slight noise could not be heard below, or would be attributed by any one, not apprehensive of an immediate escape, to the many strange echoes and whisperings which are invariably to be met with in places of the description. In their confidence of my total want of suspicion, indeed, rested my security.

With these conclusions, my shoes having been put off before I left the room, I groped my way forwards, in almost total darkness. I pursued, as nearly as I was able to guess, the contrary way to that by which I had arrived at my apartment, and at the end of the passage had the satisfaction of finding a narrow, winding staircase, that led me to the lower story. The place was so dark, and I made so little noise, that I was pretty certain my descent would not be detected. If my escape would not be discovered till midnight, I had strong hopes of being able to get away altogether. I felt as one in a dream endeavouring to make an escape, as in fact I literally was, from some imminent and fearful danger, and experienced that terrible shrinking of the heart and mind, which seems actually to deny that power to our will and limbs necessary to carrying ourselves beyond its reach, as I descended with the utmost possible caution every succeeding step. At length my heart was cheered by seeing a watery glimpse of moon-light, streaming from an old sash-window, which, to my great joy, entered upon the extremity of the before-mentioned terrace.

I paused a moment, in the most intense and painful anxiety, to listen if I could hear any footstep or noise behind me. How the shutting or opening of a distant door would, in that terrible moment, have alarmed me! All was, however, still, except a rush of the wind, that I could distinguish sweeping through the ancient galleries of the mansion. I turned quickly to the terrace-window. The fastenings were sufficiently unserviceable to yield to a moderate degree of force, only; and it was with a beating heart that I succeeded in

unclosing the latticed leaves. The creak which they sent forth went to my very soul : but it was with no ordinary speed that I darted across the terrace, and sought means of descending to the ground beneath. I was now in the open air, and seemed to feel that half of my escape was accomplished. A large tree, the branches of which partly swept the place on which I stood—fortunately by no means elevated—enabled me to swing securely down ; and I now could pursue my way through the darkness without material interruption.

I darted forward, imagining that if even immediately pursued, the thickets would sufficiently conceal me. What assistance would my faithful steed have been at this moment, could I have found the rough and meagre road by which I had come ! such ruminations were idle ; he was secure enough in the stable. To my inexpressible satisfaction, the thunder which I had before heard was the precursor of a violent storm. The wind had risen fast, and brought the clouds over the horizon. The rain fell in torrents, pattering among the leaves with a noise that sufficiently convinced me my route could not be traced by ear ; the wind thundered loudly through the forest, in alternations so capricious that any pursuer would be misled ; and the lightning, that quivered generally at long intervals, served only to disclose the beating hail and the waving foliage. Meantime, I ran on as fast as was practicable, quite in a random direction, thinking to get sooner into the open country, than by the deserted way I came. The storm, after continuing with its pristine vigour for about an hour, gradually declined ; and when morning broke, I had, as nearly as I could guess, advanced about five or six miles.

Satisfied that I had now carried myself beyond the reach of any immediate danger, I began to breathe more freely, and look about me, in order to ascertain if I could recognise any of the objects which had guided me on the preceding evening. Taking a survey of what was in my neighbourhood, I had the pleasure of perceiving a small hamlet, to which I immediately directed my steps. I soon found a wretched alehouse, which I entered, with the intention of seeking some little refreshment. I was received by the landlord and his wife, very mean in their appearance, but not otherwise suspicious. I did not know how far these people might be connected or acquainted with Walberg and his gang, and, therefore, was extremely guarded in my communications. I suppressed altogether an account of what had befallen me, and merely declared that I had lost my way in the forest, in the darkness of the night ; and that my horse, frightened at the lightning, had refused to proceed ; that, startled by a heavy clap of thunder, just as I had dismounted, he slipped the reins from my hand, and broke wildly away ; and that I had worked my way through the storm, hoping to find some shelter, and a knowledge of where I had strayed, till the light of morning disclosed the hamlet, and directed me to the *auberge*. I finished by requesting the loan of a horse, engaging to leave it at the next post town, and offering to place in their hands its value as a deposit.

My last argument was an effectual one ; and the landlord proposed that I should take an animal of his own, which, on production, certainly did little credit to his eulogies. Naming a price, which was considerably above its value, and which I immediately put into his

hand, I mounted what was more likely to prove a purchase than a loan, and, instituting proper enquiries respecting the road, soon left the hamlet behind me.

To shorten my story, travelling with no small expedition, I reached the post town named, if I recollect rightly, Oüenstein, and leaving my hackney, with proper directions as to the return of my deposit, three fourth of which I expected to be deducted for the hire, engaged a conveyance to carry me to the city of B——, where I had friends. About the middle of the following day, I arrived at the last mentioned place, and made known all the casualties to which I had been subjected.

My story made a considerable stir in the district, and the police received immediate orders to take all the parties criminated into custody. When, however, they proceeded to Walberg's country residence, they found the house empty, and all readily portable effects of its late inmates removed. A search was commenced throughout the province, which for some time was industriously carried on; but no clue was found to their place of concealment. They had conducted their operations so ingeniously, that, although many instances were recollected, no decisive proof could be adduced of their frequent robberies, and deeper acts of guilt.

At P——, the exposure of Walberg's criminality created much astonishment: his way of life was of course utterly unsuspected; and the respectable style in which he lived, the apparent high character of his establishment, and its principal members, had induced many of the residents to form so high an opinion of the whole, as to seek the companionship of himself and sister, in preference even to that of others of their acquaintance. The effect upon myself was less active; as it only served to increase my habitual caution, and add to my constitutional distrust of appearances, even after the prepossession of others would have ripened into entire satisfaction.

The house in P——, to which I had been first introduced, remained uninhabited for some time; but, at last—according to accounts received afterwards—for some short time subsequent to the events detailed, business recalled me to England—the only existing, tangible *memento* of Paul de Walberg passed into fresh and less exceptionable hands.

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

SONNET.—THE SOLACE.

I SAW the band of sweet Spring flowers they wove
On a sunny morning down the grassy lea,
I heard a whispered word of given love,
And I gave heaven thanks such joy should be;
I saw the band of sweet Spring flowers broken
In the wind of Autumn down the darkling wold,
I heard the moan of all that had been spoken,
Of one was left there, lonely, in the cold;
And I had mourned, but even from the ghost
Of joy departed there arose a voice
Which, 'mid the mourning of the loved and lost,
Had under music that yet bid rejoice,
And then I knew that beauty could not die
While love yet mingleth with our memory.

R.

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HISTORY, POLITICS, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Napoleon in Council. Translated from the French of M. Pelet de Lozère. By Capt. Basil Hall. Cadell. Edinburgh.

WHEN a man of Captain Basil Hall's distinguished literary reputation condescends to become a translator, and that too of a French work, we naturally enquire the cause of such a proceeding, and the equally natural answer is, that the original work is of such high interest, as to justify him in taking on himself an office which is most commonly assigned to the mere drudges in literature. We confess therefore, we were much disappointed after the perusal of the volume now before us, to find that it consisted of the recollections of the "Great Man," as our neighbours call him, which dwelt on the mind of M. Pelet de la Lozère, which are neither remarkable for interest, vivacity, nor novelty. One thing however adds much to the pleasure, such as it is, which is to be derived from the perusal of this volume; namely, that as Captain Hall vouches for its authenticity, we may feel assured, that all that we do read is genuine, and not made up after that fashion so prevalent at present in the book-making coteries of Paris, where, with the aid of certain individuals well skilled in building great houses on slight foundations, the slender MS. notes of some Lady or Lord of the Bonaparte creation are swelled out into eight or ten thick octavo volumes, to read through which would tire the patience of a second Griselda, were such a one to be found. However, to return to the charge, we have a moderately sized octavo volume, which the translator assures us "is the real grit;" and as our readers are all no doubt well acquainted with the vivacious style of that gentleman, we need not assure them, that if the matter were equal to the manner, a perusal of the volume would exorcise the blue devils that haunt the imagination of the most inveterate hypochondriac in a foggy November.—Yet we are free to confess, that we fell fairly asleep before we had half read the book, not to mention sundry yawns and gapes which interrupted our progress before our senses were consigned to the oblivion of slumber. However, duties must be done, and we waded through our task, certainly not *con amore*;—and here are the results.

Monsieur Pelet's means of observation of the character of Napoleon arose from his having been a councillor of state under him, and having married the daughter of Monsieur Otto, one of the most able diplomatists who sprung from the Revolution, by which means he obtained possession of several valuable documents. Half of the volume is occupied in recapitulating the circumstances of Napoleon's career. In this section there is nothing very new; but the observations made in full council by this favourite of fortune are worthy of record.

"All this will last as long as I hold out, but when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a year."

Another of the great man's opinions respecting females, we quote at the risk of the heavy imputation of want of gallantry, being as we are, thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the views he entertained of the subject.

"I do not think we need trouble ourselves with any plan of instruction for young females; they cannot be better brought up than by their mothers.

Public education is not suitable for them, because they are never called upon to act [in public. Manners are all in all to them, and marriage is all they look to."

The remainder of the volume is occupied with the notes of M. Pelet on the discussions of certain important principles or measures.

The general tendency is to exhibit Napoleon in a much more amiable light than he has hitherto appeared on the stage of history, and leads us to suppose that previous biographers have divested him of the attributes of humanity, with a false idea of elevating him above his fellow-mortals, to a higher degree than his natural qualifications permitted. And as these were amply sufficient to command the highest respect and admiration that can be paid to human genius, we think that previous writers have been doing both injustice and injury to his memory, even in their attempts to exalt his character.

Spain. By H. D. INGLIS. 2 Vols. Second Edition, with a political Introduction. Whittaker.

MR. INGLIS, by the various books of travel which he at different times sent forth to the world, proved most satisfactorily that he travelled with his wits about him, having an acute perception of the characteristic features of national manners, and that he was able, beyond most of his contemporaries, to give a sober and impartial account of his views and impressions. His works on "Spain" and "Ireland" were mentioned with honour in parliament and appealed to as a species of authority. The volumes on "Spain," the second edition of which revives in us many pleasant recollections of a former perusal, are the most elaborately composed, and deserve a more diligent reading than can be claimed for most books of travel. We not only recommend the original work, but this edition of it, which, besides the late author's chapter on the "politics of Spain," contains a kind of supplementary chapter by way of introduction, in which the many changes that have occurred in the political relations of Spain since 1831, are very happily described by an *incognito* friend of the late author.

We wish every success to a book that seems well calculated to give the English public just views of the real condition of a country, which, possessing every physical capability of becoming the finest and most highly cultivated in the world, is still kept in a degraded state of semi-barbarism by tyranny, superstition, and ignorance. How long this will continue, we know not:—our eyes cannot discover any sunlight breaking through the gloom that hangs over that unfortunate country.

Second Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners. 8vo. pp. 639.
Printed by W. Clowes.

SCARCELY any measure of the Whig government has met with more opposition, both from the Opposition-party within the House or the Press out of it, as the new Poor-Law Bill; and yet in the event no measure, for a long time past, has worked so well, or produced so good an impression on the character of the people. Under the old system a premium was offered to pauperism, and its advantages were embraced by the peasantry without hesitation, and without the slightest feeling of disgrace:—in fact, the out-door relief system made the old poor-law an evil and a nuisance instead of a blessing to the country. The new law has reformed these and other abuses; and it has also the merit of being economical—of lightening the burden imposed on the respectable part of society by the aged and infirm,—the unfortunate and the vicious. The rate of decreased expense, taking an average of 173 unions in the central and southern counties, is 41 per cent. The bastardy-clause, so much railed at—as unjust and unmanly—has at any rate produced its desired effect of diminishing the number of pauper-bastardies,—the decrease of such affiliations being at the rate of 38 per cent. We could, if time allowed us,

refer to many other points of improvement that speak volumes in favour not only of the bill, but of the commissioners appointed under it to watch and superintend its operation. The book before us is full of valuable and highly practical details, and shows that its editors are labouring with most laudable diligence in furtherance of the objects contemplated by the King's present government.

Report of the Cambridgeshire Farmers on the State of Agriculture.
Feb. 20, 1837. Hall. Cambridge.

THIS report professes to be an examination of the evidence given before the Agricultural Committee of the Commons in 1836; and it is drawn up by the Committee of the Cambridge Farmers' Association. We know not whether the farmers of other counties are to be measured by the standard of Cambridge: but we *do* know that some of the latter are very shrewdly-thinking and clever men,—as their Report indubitably proves. The Committee found all their conclusions on extensive statistical calculations selected chiefly from the Evidence, but in part also from other sources,—private as well as public. The chief evil complained of, as unfavourably affecting Agriculture by causing a fluctuation in prices so great as to render the accurate calculation of profits and losses absolutely impracticable,—is the fluctuating value of the Monetary standard. Our readers will recollect, that in the last number we very briefly stated our own views with respect to the consequences of Peel's bill; and as those views coincide in the main points with the conclusions of the Report, we are of course inclined to speak in its favour. We regret, however, that it does not go far enough,—does not at once take the bull by the horns and show the *progressively* ruinous system on which we have been proceeding for the last eighteen years. Mr. Clay may try—as he did the other night in his speech on the Corn Laws—to prove the fallacy of the arguments of paper-currency advocates, by combating their notion that prices should be advanced so as to make them—what they are not now—fair taxation prices over and above the expense of production. Of the injustice that was done to the agricultural interest by depressing the price of corn much lower than the corresponding decrease of taxation since the peace, it would be useless to say one word to Mr. Clay:—but we do hope that he is not blind to the troubles and vexations brought on all classes—manufacturers, traders, and agriculturists—by the continuance of a fluctuating standard of value; and he cannot be quite ignorant of a fact, that has been more than once satisfactorily established,—namely, that according to the present system, all our foreign transactions—to which the political economists appeal so triumphantly—are performed without gain—at a loss of some *twenty millions* per annum.

The Cambridgeshire farmers will do well to prosecute their labours and proceed to the proof of what the economists are not very willing to be convinced,—that without a *regular* supply of circulating medium, in quantity sufficient to facilitate that rise in prices which is necessary for the support of the producer, it is impossible that affairs can go on and prosper.

FICTION AND POETRY.

Crichton. By W. H. AINSWORTH. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE "Quarterly" has said of its author,—“We expect much from this writer. He evidently possesses, in no slight degree, the materials of success—a fresh and stirring fancy. His story is one that never flags.” Now we certainly think that no opinion respecting a romancist was ever more ill-starred, more incorrect.

"Rookwood," it is true, was a strange book,—most strange; but surely no man out of Bedlam could attribute to its author the high eulogium above recorded, with such a proof of talent before him. The blinded eyes of friendship have, we doubt not, skipped over the pages more unfavourable to the author's reputation and taken a very favourable sample as a fair specimen of the whole. The Quarterly reviewer of "Rookwood" is bound to laud "Crichton;" for the latter shows precisely the same degree of "fresh and stirring fancy,"—racy humour,—and continuous interest that so especially distinguish the former work.

The admirable Crichton,—the wonder of the sixteenth century, not only for intellectual endowments, but for bodily vigour and fashionable accomplishments,—is the subject of the story;—and we only do the author justice by saying,—that, as respects the incidents of Crichton's life and his general character, he has given a fair portrait of him, and not flattered beyond a limner's license. We have no objection either to a moderate departure from truth in scenery,—in order that the various adventures of this renowned *charlatan* may be brought within the rules of dramatic unity. As an instance,—for Padua read Paris,—and so of the rest. This is endurable:—But when we find this stalking-horse of Scotch pedantry stuck up as a kind of peg whereon to hang a goodly quantity of the apocryphal court-history of Catherine of Medicis and Henry of Navarre, with which Crichton had far less to do than the author of "Rookwood" with the review of it in the "Quarterly,"—our patience is exhausted, our notions of romance-writing are unpardonably offended. But no more of that. Turn we now to the execution of the masterpiece of the man of "fresh and stirring fancy." The perfection of art is to counterfeit nature; and no one succeeded so admirably in this respect as Sir Walter Scott. Unrivalled as an Antiquarian, he knew precisely what prominence might be given to antiquarian researches in romance. All is fresh, vigorous, and perfectly natural. Still the learned student may be traced—not by his obtrusive forwardness, but by incidental traits,—and that too far more effectively and reputably to himself than by the laboured effusions of a less skilful, less learned, but more boastful connoisseur. The author of "Crichton" is a very dull, matter-of-fact gentleman after-all,—an unsuccessful aspirant for the honours of the historical romance; and we think that he has adopted as a model Mr. James,—a person of whom we think highly as an historian, but who has not imagination sufficient to qualify him for romance. But Mr. James is very superior to the author of "Crichton,"—"Hyperion to a Satyr." The book before us reminds us of a certain old gentleman that we once knew, who, for many years, had indulged the habit of paying an annual visit of four months to some part of the continent,—wherever the best libraries and rarest books were to be found. Copies of illuminations, drawings of costume, plans of beleagured castles filled his portefeuilles;—seals, cameos, chains, buckles, and many other nick-nackeries filled his cabinets, which scarcely contained his gradually increasing treasure; while note-books innumerable were filled with copies *verbatim et literalim* of legends, romaunts, songs, and twenty other kinds of extracts,—all and each of which articles in portefeuille, cabinet, and note-book are now in course of being compressed—by a statical process that is expected to enlighten the ingenious Bramah—within the moderate compass of three volumes, hot-pressed post octavo—dedicated to the learned Dr. Mopstick, F.R.S. & A.S.S. Some such ingenious process of combining the most different materials gathered with unceasing industry but little talent for selection is apparent in "Crichton." If the writer had contented himself with the business of an Antiquarian, had stuck to facts, and eschewed invention, we should have been well pleased. In attempting the portraiture of the human character, he has done what he can never hope to succeed in. The very dark lines of Catherine's character, the easiest, because the most strongly marked, are very feebly drawn; and Ruggieri, her tool, who in better hands

might have been a very potent astrologer, is a mere driveller. Esclairmonde is as namby-pamby as heroines generally are, or are made to appear, and seems to us to have little of the attractions so coveted by the free-and-easy laughter-loving Henri III. Of the other characters, except Crichton and Marguerite de Valois, we need scarcely say a word, unless it be in praise of the episodic portrait of Blount and his bull-dog, which is excellent, and to the life.

The character of Crichton,—the bold, unflinching and highly principled Scot,—and of Marguerite, the lively, joyeuse, but inconstant consort of Henri of Bourbon, are, we think, the best in the book; but in these, even, a certain inelasticity and *wooden-ness* is discoverable, that greatly diminishes the pleasure of perusal. We extract for our readers' perusal the first chapter in which Marguerite de Valois appears with Crichton, whose favourable regards she is represented as most anxious to obtain.

'Marguerite de Valois, consort of Henri of Navarre, afterwards Henri IV. of France, was, at the period of our narrative, in the full éclat of her almost unrivalled beauty. Smitten by her nascent charms, Ronsard proclaimed her, in her fifteenth spring, *La belle Charité Pasithée*. Nor was the appellation unmerited. Chiselled by the Apollonian sculptor, Aglaia never rose upon the view more surpassingly lovely. Some of her after-admirers—(we will not say flatterers, for with Marguerite truth itself took the language of flattery)—distinguished her by the title of Venus Urania; and we might have followed in their steps, had we not been forewarned that such description—high-flown as it appears—was wholly inadequate to her matchless attractions.

'Of the grace and elegance of Marguerite de Valois in the dance, Brantôme has left us the most rapturous particulars. With lover-like enthusiasm he dilates upon her majestic carriage, and indescribable fascinations; and the vivid portrait he has taken of the lovely queen (sketched at some such scene as that we are now attempting to describe) blooms, breathes, and stands before us in all its original beauty and freshness—a splendid "phantom of delight," sparkling within that gallery of high-born dames and gallant cavaliers which he has preserved for the gaze of the world.

'With Crichton's supremacy in the somewhat trifling, but then highly estimated art which

Teacheth lavoltas high, and swift corantos,

with his perfect mastership of all its difficulties—(for in those days, when Italy, Spain, and Germany, and almost each province of France contributed their quota of figures and national peculiarities, the dance *had* its difficulties) with his unequalled possession of all its graces, the reader—aware of the universal scope of his accomplishments—must be already acquainted. He was accounted the most finished proficient in the dance at a court, each member of which would probably have been considered in the same important light in any other in Europe. Henry III. was passionately fond of the amusement, and largely indulged in it. In earlier days, Catherine de Medicis had been no less partial to the dance, and Marguerite de Valois, as we know, held it in high esteem. All the courtiers, therefore, emulous of distinction in their sovereign's eyes, bestowed unremitting attention upon this accomplishment, and it was no slight merit to eclipse in skill performers of such consummate ability. As in the hall of arms—as in the arena of learning—as in the tourney, the chase, or other exercises in which strength or dexterity is concerned—so in the ball-room Crichton outstripped all competitors. From the inimitable "constitution of his leg," it would seem, "that he was born under the star of a galliard." Terpsichore might have presided at his nativity.

'It was Crichton's remarkable spirit, displayed in one of the wild and national dances of his own country, then little known, or regarded as semi-barbarian in the polite court of France, and perhaps seen there for the first time when he undertook it, that first attracted the attention of the queen of Navarre towards him, and afterwards riveted her regards. With Crichton, it

was indeed that poetry of motion, that inspiration of look and gesture (terms idly applied in these later days to the performances of the hired artist), called into play by the agency of the dance, and giving to that light and graceful pastime its highest and most imaginative character. In him the dance was not a medium for the display of brilliant and faultless execution of paces, and flourishing of limb. His action, his *impersonation*, we might almost say, of the melody by which his movements were guided, was fanciful, inspiring, harmonious, as the melody itself. We question whether the pyrrhic, or enoplian dance of old, or hyporchematic measure (that exquisite admixture of motion and music, of lute and footstep) was ever executed with more fervour and inspiration, or produced more thrilling effects upon the beholders, than Crichton's performances. The same ease, the same unconscious grace, which accompanied his demeanour on the parade, followed him in the volte, the bransle, or the pazzameno. In each, were the various involutions required preserved; but, change the figure as often as he might, one *expression* pervaded all—in that expression, unattainable by other aspirants, resided his superiority.

Whether upon the present occasion Crichton felt inspired by the presence and acclamations of the vast assemblage, the gaze of which he felt was fixed upon his efforts, or whether he was resolved to show how inexhaustible were his energies, we know not; but he appeared to surpass himself. Such was the springy lightness with which he bounded through the rapid Navarraise (a species of waltz peculiar to the pleasant land from which it derived its name), that his foot scarcely seemed to touch the floor, or, if it did alight upon it, it was only as Antæus acquired fresh vigour from his mother earth, to gain elasticity from the momentary contact. A movement so rapid and whirling as to have turned the heads of any less practised than the admirable Scot and his royal partner, brought the dance to a spirited and striking conclusion.

All etiquette was forgotten. An irrepressible excitement took possession of the spectators, *vivats* and *bravos* resounded on all sides, the burnished roof of the grand saloon re-echoed with the plaudits; and the effect produced upon the courtly throng by the brilliant achievements of the distinguished couple, seemed to be precisely similar to that which results from the most electrifying effects of the divinities of the ballet.

Never had Marguerite appeared so animated; even her dames of honour were surprised at her unusual elation.

"Mon-dieu! I have never seen her majesty execute that dance with so much spirit since I first beheld it," said La Fosseuse, "when her partner was Henri of Navarre, and the occasion her own espousal."

"Her majesty has all the air of a bride now," returned La Rebours, pensively. This fair demoiselle, whom Marguerite in her memoirs terms "*une fille malicieuse, qui ne m'aimoit pas*," became shortly afterwards the chief favourite of Henri of Navarre. It might be presentiment.

"Poh!" replied La Torigni, "I remember the night La Fosseuse speaks of well; by my reputation I have reason to do so. Henri of Navarre was a mere lump of rusty armour compared with the chevalier Crichton, who vaults in the dance as if he had stolen the wings of Icarus. Nor does Madame Marguerite appear insensible to the change. She look like a bride! *ma foi*, you ought to know better, Demoiselle Rebours: even if she have it not, your bride is sure to affect a bashfulness, and you cannot lay any excess of that sort to Madame Marguerite's charge at the present moment."

"Why no," replied La Rebours, "not exactly; but Henri makes a charming partner."

"As to the spirit with which she dances," continued the sprightly Torigni, "her nuptial ball was nothing to it. But what say you? *you* recollect that night, I dare say, Seigneur Abbé de Brantôme."

"Perfectly," replied Brantôme, with a significant glance, "*then* it was Mars, *now* Apollo and Venus are in conjunction."

While Marguerite de Valois remained panting within Crichton's arms, with one hand retained within his own, and her waist still encircled by the other, with her eyes, to the neglect of all observers, passionately fixed upon his gaze, a masked cavalier, enveloped in a black domino, and wearing a hat surmounted with sable plumes, accompanied by a dame, whose features were concealed by a violet-coloured vizard, took up a position opposite to them.

"Do you note their looks? Do you mark their caressing hands?" asked the cavalier of his companion.

"I do—I do," was her reply.

"Look again."

"My eyes dazzle—I can see no longer."

"You are satisfied, then?"

"Satisfied! oh, my head burns, my heart throbs almost to bursting, horrible emotions possess me. Heaven give me strength to conquer them—prove—prove him false—prove *that*—and—"

"Have I *not* proved it? No matter; you shall hear him avow his perfidy with his own lips, shall behold him seal it with his kisses. Will that content you?"

The maiden's reply, if her agitation permitted her to make any, was unheard in the din of a fresh burst of music, which struck up in answer to a wave of Du Halde's wand. The grave and somewhat grandiose character of the strain, announced an accompaniment to the Pavanne d'Espagne, a dance not inaptly named after the strutting bird of Juno, which had been recently introduced from the court of Madrid into that of Paris, by the ambassadors of Philip II., and which, in consequence of the preference entertained for it by Marguerite de Valois, was, notwithstanding that its solemn and stately pace harmonized more completely with the haughty carriage of the grandes of Spain than with the livelier bearing of the French noblesse, now greatly in vogue amongst the latter.

La Pavanne d'Espagne, which had some of the stiffness with more than the grace of the old *minuet de la cour* (the delight of our grand-dames) presented a singular contrast to the national dance which preceded it. In the one, all was whirl, velocity, abandonment; in the other, dignity, formality, gravity. The first was calculated to display the spirit and energy of the performers; the second, to exhibit such graces of person and majesty of deportment as they might chance to possess. In both was Crichton seen to advantage: in the latter eminently so.

As, in accordance with the haughty prelude to the figure, a slow martial strain, breathing of the proud minstrelsy of Old Castile, interrupted at intervals by the hollow roll of the Moorish atabal, he drew his lofty person to its utmost height, his eyes the while blazing with chivalrous fire, awakened by the vaunting melody, and his noble features lighted up with a kindred expression, the beholder might well have imagined that in him he beheld some glorious descendant of the Cid, or mighty inheritor of the honours of the renowned Pelayo.

Advancing towards the queen of Navarre with a grave and profound salutation, he appeared to solicit the honour of her hand, to which courteous request Marguerite, who, for the nonce, assumed all the hauteur and august coquetry of an infanta of the blood royal, disdainfully answered by conceding him the tips of those lovely fingers which Ronsard had likened, as the reader knows, to the rosy digits of the daughter of the dawn. Here began that slow and stately procession from which the dance obtained its designation, and in which its chief grace consisted. Hand in hand they sailed down the saloon

Like two companion barks on Cydnus' wave,

a prouder couple never graced those festal halls. With a pace majestic as that of a king about to receive the crown of his ancestry did Crichton pursue his course. Murmurs of admiration marked his steps.

'Nor was Marguerite de Valois without her share of admiration, though our gallantry may be called into question if we confess that the meed of applause was chiefly bestowed on Crichton. With the fair queen of Navarre, we have observed, this dance was an especial favourite; and justly so, for it was the one in which she most excelled. In its slow measure, the spectator had full leisure to contemplate the gorgeous majesty and resplendent loveliness of her person; in its pauses, her surpassing dignity and queenly grace were brought into play; in its gayer passages, for even this grave dance had a pleasant admixture of spirit (the sunshine stolen from its clime), her animation and fire were shown; while in its haughtier movements was manifested the fine disdain she knew so well how to express.

"By Apollo!" exclaimed Ronsard, as soon as the vivats which followed the conclusion of the Pavanne had died away, "the whole scene we have just witnessed reminds me of one of those old and golden legends wherein we read how valour is assailed by sorcery, and how the good knight is for a time spell-bound by the enthralling enchantress."

"Certes, la bella Alcina was but a prototype of Marguerite," said Brantôme.

"And Orlando of Crichton," added La Torigni.

"Or Rinaldo," continued La Fosseuse. "He is the very mirror of chivalry."

"He must have more skill than Ulysses to break the snares of his Circe," whispered Ronsard.

"True," replied Brantôme, in the same tone. "It was not without good reason that Don Juan of Austria said to me when he first beheld her peerless charms:—'Inasmuch as your queen's beauty is more divine than human, by so much is she the more likely to drag men to perdition than to save them!'" Turning then to the maids of honour the Abbé added aloud, "The mistake in all matters of enchantment appears to be, that your knight-errant should ever desire to burst such agreeable bondage. To me it would be like awakening from a pleasant dream. Ah! were there some good fairy left who would tempt me, you should see whether I would resist, or seek to be disenchanted!"

"Well, of all agreeable divertisements commend me to the bransle," said La Torigni, as that figure was struck up.

"Apropos of temptation, I suppose," said Brantôme; "for *you* never look so captivating as when engaged in it, Signora Torigni. For my part I envy the chevalier Crichton his success in the dance more than his *bonnes fortunes*. I never could accomplish a *pas*."

"A *faux pas* I suppose you mean, Abbé," whispered Ronsard.

"Indeed!" returned La Torigni. "Suppose you take a lesson now. What say you to a turn in the bransle? That is the easiest figure of all. Our royal mistress has disappeared with her all-accomplished Scot, so my attendance will be dispensed with for the present. We shall be free from interruption. Never mind your being a little lame, the bransle is the best specific in the world for the rheumatism. Come along. Monsieur de Ronsard; your gout I know will not permit you, or I would bid you give your hand to La Fosseuse; but you can at least amuse her with a *mot*, or perhaps improvise a sonnet for her entertainment, upon the pretty sight we have just witnessed; and the more you stuff it with loves and doves, kisses and blisses, gods, goddesses, and heroes, till like a cup of hydromel it overflows with sweetness, the better she will like it. Your hand, Seigneur l'Abbé—"

'And, despite his remonstrances, the laughing Florentine dragged the reluctant Brantôme to the bransle.

'Slowly, meanwhile, glided along Crichton and the queen of Navarre. Neither spoke, neither regarded the other, the bosoms of both were too full;—Marguerite's of intense passion; Crichton's of what emotion it boots not to conjecture. He felt the pressure of her arm upon his own, he felt the throbbing of her breast against his elbow, but he returned not the pressure, neither

did his heart respond to those ardent pulsations. A sudden sadness seemed to overspread his features; and thus in silence did they wander along, inhaling new clouds of flattering incense from each worshipping group they passed.

'Their steps were followed at a wary distance by three other masks, but this circumstance escaped their notice. Marguerite thought of nothing save her lover, and Crichton's mind was otherwise occupied.

'Anon they entered a small antechamber opening from the vestibule of the hall of entrance.

'This room, which was filled with the choicest exotics, and hung around with cages containing squirrels, parrots and other gaily plumaged birds (of which Henri was immoderately fond), was for the moment deserted, even of the customary lacqueys in attendance and loiterers about such places.

'Marguerite glanced cautiously around her, and, seeing the room vacant, applied a small golden key, which she took from her girdle, to a concealed door in the side wall. The valve yielded to the touch, thick tapestry then appeared, which being raised, the pair found themselves within a dim-lighted chamber, the atmosphere of which struck upon their senses, as they entered, warmly and odoriferously.

'A prie-dieu, cushioned with velvet, stood at the further end of the apartment. Before it was placed a golden crucifix. Over the crucifix hung a Madonna, by Raphael; the glowing colouring of which divine picture was scarcely discernible by the faint light of the two perfume-distilling lamps suspended on either side. This room was the oratory of the queen of Navarre.'

We beg it to be observed, that no personal feeling whatever against Mr. Ainsworth has dictated the above remarks. He has evidently a more than ordinary knowledge of French history and manners during the period of which he writes; and his work will be consulted by many for its accessories of dress, song, and manners, when the main object of the work, as a romance, shall have been found to be unanswered. We shall be happy to see him dressed in the more sober habiliments of the historian.

Jack Brag,—by the Author of "Sayings and Doings." 3 vols. post 8vo. R. Bentley.

THERE is no doubt that "Jack Brag" will be a very popular novel. There is a kind of vulgar and superficial wit and humour that pervades it, from which the *profanum vulgus* will derive much amusement and edification,—a happy pot-house-delighting, flash-men-enchanting talent, that will make the book highly instructive to those persons in the incipient stages of dissipation, who are desirous of getting their first experience from letters, and not from life. We do not mean to say that the character of Brag is not painted to the life, the very life;—we do not mean to say that all or any of his adventures are improbable or inconsistent;—we do not mean to deny to its author a quick perception of the humorous and the broadly-farcical in a certain and rather questionable class of society in this country:—but after all what is the value of such praise, when it is put side by side with the just censure that the favourable exhibition of the most hideous vice demands for the perpetrator? The opinion that is now advanced respecting the author's principles as a novelist is not a new one engendered by the reading of "Jack Brag" only. The same spirit runs through all his writings, and in all must be more or less offensive to those who in their criticisms pay any attention to moral tendency. To represent odious vice in a pleasing light is bad enough at all times; but common dramatic justice requires a more equitable *dénouement* at any rate than that which closes the book now before us. The favourable reception of such a work—no matter who its author—augurs ill for the moral destinies of the literary section of the British population. The above remarks have not been made in ill humour, or to gratify spleen. Mr. Hook has talents of the very highest order as an humorous

painter of manners in certain classes,—the middling and lower classes of English society; and it is a matter for regret that his tales do not give point to a better moral.

The best scenes in the book are those in which Brag plays and exposes himself. His scene at the inn with the *incognito* Lord Ilfracomb,—his interview with this husband-by-advertisement-hunting mother on Waterloo Bridge,—his dinner with Stiffkey interrupted so *mal-à-propos* by the dear mamma and her darling J. S.,—and the mental and bodily sufferings of poor Brag on board the yacht—his yacht—are inimitably told. The author is far less successful in the genteel and sentimental parts of his work. The episode of Ann Brown and the physician is poor at best,—even if it bore no marks of plagiarism;—and the worthy couples, Sir C. Lydiard and Mrs. Dallington,—Mr. Rushton and Blanche Englefield,—are the most namby-pamby pasteboard-and-buckram characters that have been inflicted on us for many a day.

We might give many extracts; but our contemporaries have already so copiously deluged the public, that our trouble and space is saved.

The State Prisoner. 2 vols. post 8vo. By Miss M. L. BOYLE. Saunders and Otley.

THE story of these volumes—by a lady who now makes her first appearance as an authoress—is founded on the history of Dumont, the mysterious State prisoner, in the time of the Orleans Regency. Clifford, the hero of the tale, obtains the privilege of visiting this prisoner through the influence of De Brissac the governor. Acquaintance warms into friendship;—and friendship prompts a young and ardent mind to aid the emancipation of the captive. Destruction impends over the generous preserver from the myrmidons of the government; and he is only saved from perdition by the intercession of the fascinating and lively Mirabel de Bernay, whose love for the already pre-engaged Clifford urges her to procure his pardon from her former, unsuccessful lover, the Regent duke of Orleans. The fair baronne accompanies her *ought-to-be* lover to England disguised as his page:—and what is her motive? Most strange,—with the view of beholding Blanche Courtney, her more successful rival. An opportune shipwreck occurs which destroys the baronne, and Clifford soon after,—the lady's father's opposition being withdrawn,—gains a wife and gets his forfeited estates restored to him through the agency of the same strange and mysterious being whom he had before aided in escaping from the Fort du Ha.

The style of writing gives promise for the excellence of the fair debutante's future works. The characters are, however, too heroic and have too little of human weakness in them to allow the idea of their being natural. There is somewhat of *gêne* and formality in the composition; but practice will soon work an improvement in this particular. We hope to see more of her works.

Marcus Manlius. In Five Acts. By D. E. COLOMBINE. Bentley. 8vo. fine paper. pp. 112.

BRITISH dramatic literature is much obliged to the author of "Manlius" for his attempt. Would that it had been more successful in some of the higher requirements! We have perused the whole of the play with much attention, and with feelings rather favourably inclined towards the author, who would seem to be a very amiable man:—and not in vain. We must speak truth. The play is mechanically correct; and the spirit, feeling, and poetry are not altogether wanting. It will, no doubt, prove to be a good acting play.

The printer has done his part of the work quite *à merveille*. Vizetelly and Branston have produced a model of elegant typography.

WALKER'S County Atlas,—being a Series of Forty-Six Maps of the different Counties of England and Wales. Imperial Quarto. T. and W. Walker:—and Longman.

SEVERAL months ago, when this work was in progress, we took occasion to speak favourably of its merits. We did so from the conviction, with which we are still very strongly impressed, that these maps are a very valuable accession to our geographical literature. Before this work,—of which we now announce the completion,—appeared, no County Atlas of any value could be procured for less than *seven or eight* pounds at least; and such maps were, of course, quite out of the reach of all persons of moderate income. The maps now before us may be had for one-fourth that sum; and, in point of correctness, we can conscientiously recommend them; as we have ourselves employed them in minute geographical studies, that must have proved their errors if there had been any at all appreciable. The Messrs. Walker deserve the thanks of the public for the handsome and cheap work which they have placed at the command of the well-educated and respectable classes of the community.

Edinburgh New General Atlas:—56 Maps Imperial. 14 numbers. Edinburgh. Johnston.

A work of such size,—produced by publishers, whose other works have won the good opinion of such men as Archdeacon Williams and Professor Dunbar,—readily impressed us with anticipatory impressions in its favour. In short notices, such as are appended to *Magazines*, laudatory articles are often given to works of very little or no real merit. Our principle has always been to temper justice with mercy,—to do all in our power to encourage the aspirants to the honours of literature,—but, nevertheless, not to neglect the interests of truth.

The first examination of these maps quite convinced us of their value; but, as we thought that a further enquiry would be necessary, we applied ourselves with a good-natured diligence to find out the good points that we might find in the *six-guinea* Atlas before us.

There are two points, that we regard to be quite indispensable to the good qualities of a map or set of maps;—namely,—correctness of delineation and neatness of execution. This at least is not unreasonable:—for a map can certainly be of no use to any one, if it does not supply the information that is desired, respecting the position of the places searched after by the enquirer; and if its execution, in point of neatness and clearness, does not forward the enquiries of the student, we may conclude that maps so deficient can be consulted with no real advantage.

The Editor of this Atlas may find, perhaps, that he has met with rather a severe judge;—but, as the individual who writes this notice has devoted six or seven years of uninterrupted labour to the study of geography as a science,—he expresses his opinion without hesitation, that the Edinburgh Atlas is not in any way calculated to advance the knowledge of geography.

We commence with map No. 1, which is merely Mercator's projection;—we may observe, that the positions of important places are most scandalously incorrect. Oporto is placed at a very considerable distance from the river, to which it owes its entire importance. Warsaw (in order to throw a doubt on the veracity of all the accounts hitherto received concerning it), is placed on the *east* side of the river, so as to render the affair of Praga of no avail whatever. So likewise of many other things—unpardonable faults, even in a general way—we might, if it so pleased us, extend our strictures to twenty pages instead of thirty lines. But we refrain. We have looked at and examined the other maps that have been submitted to our consideration;—but we have no reason to alter the opinion that we have already given respecting

the general map.* Carelessness and the utmost incorrectness in delineation are the only features that can be recognised in these maps; and the work of the engraver is executed no less badly. Let any one compare these sheets with any *respectable* maps produced in London. What good can result to the proprietors?

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

A Letter to the Duke of Wellington, on the Application of Steam-power to Civil and Military Purposes:—by Sir C. DANCE. p.p. 26. Ridgeway.

THE work before us has little or no reference to military engineering. The Duke of Wellington has pronounced steam-carriages, and steam-guns too, to be utterly inefficient, as regards the requirements of war:—and so with the *ipse dixit* of the greatest general of the age against them, they cannot be expected to have even a fair trial,—should, even, our ill-luck drive us into a war.

Sir Charles Dance, a gentleman with a good deal of ingenuity and yet more of money, did, it appears, some few years ago unite himself in partnership with an adventurous and adventuring, but yet clever engineer, yclept Gurney, who invented the tubular boilers and, we believe, the rocking cylinder. The application of these new engines to locomotives on turnpike-roads has occupied the attention of the partners most particularly; and we must say, that their success has been such, that we are surprised that the matter has not been taken up by persons, whose pecuniary resources enable them,—with due regard to their own profit,—to forward such undertakings. We ought, however, to recollect that the conflicting interests of railroad engineers and general civil engineers are ever likely to be at variance; and we have reason, besides, to doubt the sincerity of the most eminent engineers when giving their evidence and sentiments on the comparative merits of railroad and turnpike-road locomotives.

We have not ventured these few remarks without some knowledge of the subject. Mr. Gurney's late establishment has been often visited by us; and we have had opportunities of seeing Mr. Hancock's and Mr. Ogle's machines in detail, in various stages of completion, and in actual motion. The knowledge, which circumstances of a private nature have forced upon the writer of these remarks, convinces him that, however favourable *railroad* speculations may appear *prima facie*, they will not be found to return a dividend at all commensurate with the outlay of capital. Indeed, if the four great *arterial* railroads will be found to return an adequate profit, it may be matter of congratulation to the Shareholders.—But what do we see?—railroads set on foot for every petty watering-place, market-town, or third-rate harbour in the country,—made, forsooth, for the purpose of getting up a trade, where no trade existed before,—as if a little iron, grease, and hot water would of themselves create a home or foreign demand. Of the forty or fifty railroad bills now before Parliament—the greater part of whose sections (many of which are, *we know*, rather apocryphal) have been examined and duly valued, we certainly cannot approve of six—even on the common principles that a very slender knowledge of dynamic science impresses upon us,—as at all desirable for the investment of speculators.—But yet,—they do speculate!!!

The turnpike-road locomotives would do well, we are certain,—were it not for an oppressive measure of Parliament that acts virtually—as a bar upon their introduction into the country. Select Committees—(too frequently composed of men equally incompetent to judge respecting the merits of a railroad to the Moon, or of a railroad to Dover, or of a steam locomotive that would go to Birmingham,—or of a more *mercurial* one, that would conjure one

* If the publisher desires it, we shall be most happy to forward him, *gratis*, a copious list of the grossest errors that have disgraced modern geography.—E.D.

to Jupiter without tube, steam, mercury, or *sal-volatile* at all—have in their reports uttered much nonsense. It would be well, if their nonsense had been harmless; but, unfortunately, it too often happens that men in temporary office, such as the Commons' Committee men are,—a fig for their privilege,—swayed from a just decision by the overbalancing influence of rich proprietors, rich speculators, &c. &c.; and we have strong reasons to suspect, that the railroad transactions, generally speaking, are not what they ought to have been,---commonly honest. Time will prove.

Our opinion is most decidedly, that the men who have ventured so much in the cause of locomotive steam application as Messrs. Dance, Ogle, Hancock, &c., ought to be duly---nay, handsomely rewarded; and we do not think that a parliamentary grant, say 20,000*l.* to be divided between the three parties that we have above mentioned, would be more than justice requires from England to her enterprising children.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

SEVERAL publications having reached us rather later than usual, we are compelled to defer our notice of them till the ensuing month. Lockhart's *Life of the late Sir William Scott* is the subject of a general article, for which we have been unable to find space in the present number; and several novels and romances demand a more detailed account than our present time and room will allow them. We have not forgotten them.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

ON Saturday, the 25th of February, the Opera House opened, the promised performances being *Norma*, and a new Ballet on the subject of the Opera of *Fra Diavolo*. In *Norma*, Giannoni was advertised to perform the part of *Adalgisa*, but *indisposition* of some kind or other prevented her appearance. The consequence was, that more than half of the music was omitted, including every portion, without exception, which is in itself pleasing, independently of the accessory circumstances of the drama. No effort was made to supply the vacant place, or to substitute another opera. Truly, as a French lady near us observed, *les Anglais sont trop bons*, which softened expression might be less ceremoniously and more faithfully turned, *les Anglais sont trop bêtes*, for John Bull not only courts a foreign mistress (a very attractive one we allow) instead of a legitimate English wife, but suffers himself to be most woefully henpecked by the aforesaid stranger. If, however, the audience at the opera, notwithstanding its deterioration of late years, is still too genteel to express disapprobation, these gross impositions will continue to be practised on the public to the end of the chapter, and so we take our leave of them. To return to the mutilated opera, Blasis filled the part of *Norma*, which was written expressly for the display of *Pasta's* peculiar powers, and, as in every point, except the shortness of her person, Blasis is essentially different from her greater proto-

type, it may be readily conceived that the part is not suited to her. Blasis has a very sweet voice, the upper notes becoming sweeter instead of harsher as is usually the case, the higher she ascends in the scale,—her execution and intonation are very perfect, and she has a considerable fund of comic humour. These qualifications at once point out the line of characters for which nature has adapted her powers, and to these she should cleave, for in the proud declamation and unwomanlike severity of Norma, she excites laughter rather than horror—contempt rather than pity. In short, it is a practical exemplification of Napoleon's favourite apophthegm,—*From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step*. We trust we shall soon see her in a part more suited to her, and in which she will deserve that meed of praise we are always desirous of bestowing on the exertions of those who toil for the public entertainment. Catone played the Proconsul, Pollio, and had very little to do, the principal part of his music being in concert with Adalgisa, and of course omitted. He is not yet accustomed to the house, and strained his voice far more than was necessary, which gave a harshness to it, especially in falsetto, which detracted much from the pleasure we should otherwise have derived from hearing him. Bellini got through Aroviso very creditably—much more so than any of the others: but Lablache played the stern Druid last year to Grisi's Norma, and, as he always does, made his part the first in the opera, and however ungracious it may be, the comparison is forced so strongly on the imagination, that an allusion to the superiority of a great artist over a singer and actor of moderate pretensions, cannot be avoided. We must defer any decided opinion on the comparative merits of the Lyceum Italian Company, as heard on that stage and in the great theatre in the Haymarket, until they have appeared to greater advantage, and especially till Giannoni, the gem of them all, recovers from her real or pretended sickness.

The new Ballet differs slightly in plot from the opera in the concluding scene,—the robbers carrying off the village maiden to their strong hold, as well as the property of the travelling nobleman, whence they are both rescued by the military, and the leader of the band shot, as he endeavours to escape over the mountains, in passing a narrow bridge over a waterfall, down which he tumbles, to the great edification of the spectators. Duvernay played the girl of the inn very well, and danced as well as she played; particularly in the bed-room scene, where she coquettes before the looking-glass. We ought not to neglect paying a just tribute to the invariable good taste she displays in her dresses, which are always elegant and never fine, gay but not gaudy, neat but not precise; and if report speak truth, she has the additional merit of being her own milliner. Two first appearances were very successful, Herminie Elsler and M. Mabile—the former a cousin of the Elslers, the latter we believe a young Spaniard. Both are quite new to our stage. Mademoiselle Elsler is a very fine young woman, a very fine dancer, very graceful, very active, and very luxurious. M. Mabile is youthful and good-looking, possessing in an eminent degree the same qualifications as Perrot, and we think, as far as we can judge from a single

appearance, quite capable of supplying his place. The Ballet on the whole went off better than the opera, and may serve as a stop-gap till after Easter.

DRURY LANE.

February 28th.—The opera of Fair Rosamond was produced on this evening at old Drury. Having succeeded in raising the expectations of the public to a high pitch by his opera of the Mountain Sylph, Barnett forthwith proceeded to make another effort to place himself high on the list of musical geniuses, and adapted melodies and harmonies to the greater part of the words of a libretto, which tells at greater length the following silly tale.

Henry the Second, in the disguise of a Troubadour and under the name of Edgar, having obtained admission to the castle of Lord Clifford, woos and wins the heart of Rosamond the Baron's daughter, whose hand however has been promised to Alberic de Vere. At a banquet in the castle, Henry or Edgar quarrels with de Vere and then walks off with his mistress, unnoticed though certainly not unseen. The lovers retire to a hut in a forest, and are there surprised very mal-a-propos by the enraged father and the jilted suitor. The Queen too, by a dramatic juggle which we could not fathom, is also present on this occasion, and (we suppose to save himself a severe and well-deserved matrimonial lecture) the king gives up his *lady-love* rather than unveil his incognito. In the next phase of the story we are present at the coronation of Henry and Eleanor, and so is Rosamond, and, what is worse, she is so surprised at the discovery of the rank of her quondam *inamorato*, that she screams her recognition and betrays to the jealous consort of her lover the whole unwelcome truth. The next important point is a private conversation between the king and his confidant, overheard by the queen and her confidant—the subject of course being the fair flower of the world (*Rosamundi*, rose of the world, Rosamond) and her place of concealment. The queen by this conversation is made aware of the entrance to the bower at Woodstock, and, as tradition tells, having penetrated its recesses, offers the agreeable alternative of a sharp poniard or deadly poison to the hated object of her husband's affections. Opportunely the king, the father, and the forlorn bridegroom, rush in at the critical moment, and all matters are comfortably settled by the consent of the monarch to give up the spotless maiden to her enamoured swain.

Such is a brief outline of the exceedingly foolish plot. What silly individual perpetrated the vile trash we know not, but a more unpromising framework was perhaps never used on which to hang crotchets and quavers. The prose is execrably written, the rhymes much worse than the prose. And even if the style had been as pure, the wit as sparkling, the pathos as touching, the poetry as refined as the best in the language, they would not redeem from condemnation the gross violation of historical truth and traditionary lore which mars the play. Who has not in imagination sorrowed over the fair Rosamond as she drained the death-bearing cup, shrinking from the

stern aspect of the wronged and vindictive Eleanor? Who has not pictured to himself the anguish of the first Plantagenet as he hung over the cold remains of his beloved and lovely paramour? And who would not be disappointed and vexed, if, by any unforeseen event, documents should come to light that would prove the whole story a fabrication? And yet for the sake of a happy marriage at the end (à la Colburn and Bentley novel school), the plot has been deprived of its climax, the story of its interest, and the romance of its truth.* Another serious fault is the great length of the opera, which took more than four hours to perform, that is, it being in four acts, nearly an hour to each, exclusive of intervals. We think too, that it has been overloaded with recitatives, which are not consonant to the genius of our language except for highly impassioned passages, and even in such case should only be used to introduce an air. We have yet to speak of the merits of the composition, the exertions of the performers, and the beauty and splendour of the scenery and decorations.

The music as a whole is heavy and even dull, but has redeeming qualities. But little of it is adapted for private performance, and that little does not include the best compositions, which are a canon in the first scene of the fourth act and a madrigal in Rosamond's Bower. The canon is in four parts, and commences with the subject sung by Phillips:—

“Tell her that words have no power

“A passion like mine to declare.”

This is a charming piece, and well repays the listener for the tedium so lavishly spread over the first three acts. In the bower at Woodstock, a crowd of “ladies faire and gentles gaye,” hail the fair Rosamond as Beauty's queen in a madrigal, which is as delightful as any thing we have ever heard, though introduced somewhat mal-a-propos in a place of concealment, such as that in which it takes place. This composition has, besides, the peculiar merit of being not only a madrigal in name, but in fact, most modern pretenders to that title being glees sung by a multitude of voices. There are besides two ballads, one sung by Phillips, disguised as the Troubadour in the castle of Clifford, and the other by Miss Poole as a page; both of which are pretty, but we think rather common-place. The recitatives and some of the concerted music, especially a sestet in the first act, were very effective, but mostly rather too long and too ponderous. However on the whole the music is highly creditable to Mr. Barnett, and deserves to the full that success which it met with.

The exertions of the singers were very praiseworthy. Phillips as the king, Giubilei as Lord de Clifford, and Miss Poole as the page, sang their parts as nicely as we could have wished, and Wilson did what little he had to do equally well; but though constantly on the stage, and constantly singing, the tenor part is, we think, what is

* The play-wright might have remembered, that Henry had two fair sons by his mistress, who firmly maintained and upheld the power of their father, when his legitimate offspring rebelled against his authority, and at once failed in their duty as children, and their allegiance as subjects.

called in the profession *unprofitable*. Miss Betts sang the music allotted to the queen in a style which showed her to be the mistress of her art, and surprised us by her acting, which was far superior to what is usually met with in singers. We are sorry that we cannot give the same praise to Miss Romer, whose powers are not of a class to enable her to compete with the difficulties of such a part as *Rosamond*. To give full effect to it, such a singer as poor *Malibran* should have been its representative: however, to regret her loss is unavailing, and we must content ourselves with the remembrance of what she was—too vivid an image to be readily effaced.

The dancers in the ballet of the seasons did their best. *Madame Giubilei* made a most liberal display of her personal beauties, *Miss Ballin* attempted and failed in an imitation of *Herminie Elsler*, and *Mr. Gilbert* frisked and twisted till we were giddy with looking at his evolutions.

The scenery is very magnificent—especially the coronation in *Westminster Abbey*, and the bower at *Woodstock*, with the diorama of the seasons. The dresses and decorations were splendid, and the whole getting up highly creditable to the skill of the parties employed, and the enterprise of *Mr. Bunn*, who we hope will be rewarded by a full attendance at his house, and ample receipts in his treasury.

The early part of the past month has not teemed with novelties, or at least not with those of a very interesting character. A burletta at the *Olympic*, of very moderate pretensions, written for the purpose of exhibiting *C. Mathews* in a drunken soldier, a character which he personated with much skill and fidelity—a melodrama at the *Adelphi*, translated from the French of course, and equally of course successful; and the *Postillion* at the *St. James's Theatre*, also translated from the French, and with French music, make up the sum of productions which require even the most cursory mention. We suppose the managers were all gathering their strength and working themselves up for a desperate struggle at Easter. Indeed it was high time they should, for in addition to the places of entertainment heretofore open, *Braham* and *Madame Vestris* have received permission to extend their season two months.

Our theatrical notice has already run out to so great length, that we are compelled to pass over the Easter pieces for the present with a mere mention. '*Valentine and Orson*,' at *Drury Lane*, revives the recollection of boyish days and *Joe Grimaldi*; '*Noureddin*' at *Covent Garden*, is an excellent piece for those who love to have their eyes feasted on splendid scenery and gorgeous dresses; at the *Adelphi*, *John Reeve*, *Buckstone*, and *Mrs. Honey*, have opportunity for displaying their several abilities in the '*King of the Danube and the Water Lily*';—while *Ducrow* treats his juvenile patrons to '*Ivanhoe*,' a spectacle got up in the usual *Astley's*, and *Madame Vestris* produces a truly classical piece—'*The Rape of the Lock*,' with her usual success. To several of these we may return in our next, when we shall have to notice *Belisarius* and the new ballet at the *Grand Opera*.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

BEFORE entering into a critical examination of the merits or demerits of this or any other exhibition, it is but fair to inquire into its pretensions, for modest mediocrity certainly does not require the same severe castigation as self-sufficient incapacity. We will then briefly premise, that the Society of British Artists is made up of certain disappointed painters, who, finding the doors of the Academy shut against them, united to form a club who should put to shame the close corporation at Somerset House, by exhibiting to the world the injustice and jealousy of its members—injustice in refusing to dub them with the honours of those talismanic letters, R. A.; and jealousy in ousting their pictures lest comparison should be injurious to their own. Now we are no admirers of the Academic body or their acts, far from it—and we should be heartily glad to see a thorough reformation in the house; but in this particular case or cases, as it may be, a visit to the gallery in Suffolk Street will satisfy the most indifferent judge, that however many undeserving members the Academy may contain, and however many eminent artists are excluded from its members, the Society here named does not contain a single individual who has the remotest shadow of a right to complain of the hardship of non-election. There are however some pictures of ability, though produced by artists who are not members of the Society. We shall proceed to mention a few of the most noticeable.

No. 7. Boys of Terra Genesco, in the Abruzzi. F. Y. Hurlstone. This picture has something agreeable in its subjects, and especially the expressions of the countenances of the players at "Il Giuoco di Morra" are good. But as a whole it scarcely can be said to rise above mediocrity, a character which will apply equally well to No. 243, the Italian Shepherd Boy and his Wolf Dog, by the same artist. There are eleven more pictures by Mr. Hurlstone, of different degrees of badness, all bearing marks of haste in the execution.

No. 21. A very fine Portrait of Mr. Carew the Sculptor, by Clint. The composition and the colouring are good, and it has all the appearance of a strong likeness; though, not being acquainted with Mr. Carew's person, we are not able to give an infallible judgment on that point.

No. 31. The Camilies, West Indiaman, by G. Chambers. Though this and two other pictures by this very talented artist are not, we think, very good specimens of what he *can* do, yet if not considered with reference to others of his own production, their merits will be admitted to be of a very high order.

No. 34. Portrait of Edwin Forrest, Esq., Tragedian. I. G. Middleton. We believe this to be a mis-nomer, at least we could not trace the resemblance.

No. 73. Two to One. W. Kidd. A very pretty little picture about three inches by two, of two countrymen playing at draughts, one being deprived of one eye. The expressions of the countenances are very good.

No. 99. Another of the results of Mr. Pyne's visit to N. Devon. Pretty but not striking.

No. 132. The Valley of Mexico. D. T. Egerton. This picture has one essential excellence—novelty. The plains of Mexico have not yet been visited by travelling artists in search of the picturesque, though the specimens brought back by Mr. Egerton, of its capabilities, will probably send others to explore its mines of wealth, though not for precious metals, at least directly. The scenery and general aspect of the physical features are highly interesting, and the view very well chosen for its comprehensive character.

No. 158. A Scene on the Tiber, by W. Linton. A *glaring* imitation of all that is not good in Turner, or, at all events, is only good in the hands of such a master of the pencil.

No. 168. Landscape. E. P. Owen, M. A. Judging from the qualities of

the picture, M. A. stands here for "middling artist," and a very middling one he is.

No. 164. An Indian Page. W. Kidd. A good-looking black boy in gorgeous apparel.

No. 249. Sea Reach. W. Butland. Waves of putty and clouds of wool.

No. 261. Hungarian Ford at Perth. Highly romantic, and quite new. The face of the brawny Hungarian in the fore-ground is full of expression, and the whole scene spirited and interesting.

No. 309. Portrait of Mrs. Honey as Lilio. No. 441. Portrait of Miss Murray, as Susannah. T. M. Joy. Outrageous, and what we are sure the ladies will not thank him for,—the very reverse of flattering likenesses.

No. 444. Venice. J. Holland. We have already had occasion to make favourable mention of Mr. Holland, and we are happy to be able to continue our praise. His colouring is very agreeable to the eye, and even showy, without, however, degenerating into gaudiness, and what he does bears the internal stamp of fidelity; you feel that it is a portraiture of the place you are viewing, and not a fanciful composition of the artist, in which truth and resemblance are sacrificed for effect.

No. 456. Mr. Vandenhoff. R. W. Buss. Very strikingly like, and, what is more, a pleasant likeness.

No. 616. Model of a Fountain. E. W. Wyon. This is a clever production, and does great credit to the artist.

No. 618. A Nymph. J. Ternouth. A very beautiful naked figure reclining asleep. Why it is called a nymph we know not, but perchance it is want of another name equally poetical.

No. 621. Model of a Chariot Race. E. H. Corbould. This is an admirable design. The horses are struggling for the foremost place, and the charioteers lean forward, eagerly pressing them onwards. All the figures seem starting into life.

No. 743. Portrait of J. Audubon. No. 803. Portrait of Victor Audubon, F. Cruikshank. Both excellent.

No. 859. Othello relating his adventures to Desdemona. C. Martin. A very well conceived and executed drawing. The lady does "most seriously incline," to hear the tale of her swarthy lover.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.—HORACE.

CONSOLATION FOR THE CALUMNIATED.—The great event of January was the gambling transaction—*De Roos v. Cumming*. All our matutinal and hebdomadal contemporaries have descanted thereupon in all possible ways, and great has been the expenditure of virtuous regret and indignation. Now we, who look at all things, not with the jaundiced optics of cynicism, but with the eye philanthropic, see great good in this much denounced affair. In the first place, think of the names of the parties—*De Roos* and *Cumming*. Isn't there something uncommonly grateful to the auricular appendages of the multitude in the smack of the defendant's patronymic, particularly when prefaced by the euphonious compound wherein his antagonist rejoiceth? Why men who cannot trace their progenitors anterior to the Deluge or the Norman conquest may have such a name as *Cumming*, and yet be deemed meet rivals of people who claim to be representatives of all the worthies of the primeval world. Therefore let the *Cummings* clap their hands and be glad, because of their exaltation.

But the measure of our joy for the upraising of plebeian surnames is not yet half filled. It is a fact (although the *Times* stated it) that one of *Cumming's*

witnesses, in a court studded with the Corinthian pillars of the land, gave testimony against Lord De Roos, though even from his childhood he never had a name but Higgins; and, for any thing he knew to the contrary, might have actually been christened Higgins! Higgins—yes; pronounced simply as it is spelt—Higgins. But for that name Young D'Israeli would never have thought himself a wit—for what else could Young Dukes sneer at but animals called Higgins? Mr. Colburn has published novels before now in three volumes 8vo., the only incident of which consisted in the fact that some such person as Mrs. Colonel Frederick Wentworth Effingham Fitzwilliam sneezed with laughter, because she saw in the *Court Journal* that Sir Henry Halford attended a Mrs. Higgins. We have heard of people in Mayfair believing that some people east of Charing Cross never die, simply because they are called Higgins. Higgins and hypochondria are manifestly incompatible. It was said that, when the King appointed Huggins royal marine painter, a general gloom pervaded the court; and hence, as the story goes, the cloudy condition of the gentleman's pictures. But what could be expected from Huggins? There is something murky in the very word itself. Higgins, on the contrary, is so curt, interesting, and, oh la! so funny. It is the principal stock in trade of Hook and the fashionable satirists of the lower orders; or rather, we should say it has been, for it certainly won't do for the future to ridicule names that have appeared in juxtaposition with the very adroit gentry who belie the fallacy of the schoolmen's axiom, *ex nihilo nihil fit*—Captain Alexander to wit, who possesses the pleasing faculty and benevolent propensity of making some thousands per annum—in jest.

English generosity has been famed in all ages, whether manifested by individuals, associations, or the country at large. Look at the York Column, to go no farther (than Pall Mall), emblematic of a nation's admiration for the man who eclipsed the glories of Cressy and Agincourt—at Dunkirk; and paid his creditors to the last farthing—in promises. There's a whole menagerie of griffins and tom-tits capering—in marble—all over the kingdom, to the honour of people whose only claims to such distinction are based on their having invented new modes of taking pepper with one's soup, or adjusting a cravat. What then should await Messrs. Cumming and Higgins who have ennobled not simply their namesakes of the present day—great though that achievement be—but the countless Cummings' and Higgins' of all time. Well, we shall look to the Gazette to see how their glorious example has been pursued. Hitherto people could not afford to become insolvent from the circumstance of their names being Cumming or Higgins. Let the tribe of Levi and the living body-snatchers rejoice;—the disclosures in the Court of King's Bench have "reformed *that* indifferently."

Yet after all it may be questioned if we are not in some measure Neroising, while Rome burns. What is the jubilation of Cumming and Higgins, when contrasted with the despondency of Smith—immutable, eternal, universal Smith? Can it be that Graham's is the only body in the world without its Smith, Smyth, or Smythe? Lord de Roos has obtained the sympathy of many, because it is said that he has been made the victim of a conspiracy. But why did not his opponents deprive him of the pretext, by compelling him to bring his action against Smith? All England—and the Isle of Man—would have proclaimed the justice of Smith's cause. *De Roos v. Smith!* The realization of all Mr. Owen's Utopian dreams would not have diffused half the rapture through the empire, as those two names figuring for two mortal days in the newspapers. Such a chance never did, it may be doubted if such ever *can* occur, for the glorification of Smithised Britain. People have called themselves Aristides Smith—but no one thought it a just appellation: and Cato Smith—but every one turned Censor of the folly. Howard *de* Howard Smith has been tried without the experimentalist obtaining the credit of philanthropy for his motives; and any one dubbing himself Percy (Piercie) Smith, would hardly be considered a very Chivalric, or even a very Sharp fellow.

We never hear of such combination as Smith Fleming, or Smith Burdett, or in fact Smith Anything—Smith is invariably at the bottom of every thing in this country. It is one of the most emphatic in pronunciation, and certainly the most important in consequence of any monosyllable in the language. Yet some how or other a Smith would be any thing but Smith. Smith-phobia would depopulate the land, if the malady had not an antidote in Smithmania, or Philo Smithism. Smith and vulgarity are the antipodes of each other, a sort of practical antithesis; but Smith and gentility are synonymous: and hence, we repeat, that Lord de Roos' case should not have been tinkered without a regular Smith. Tom Smith's return (the story in the papers headed the "Long-lost Heir,") delighted every individual family from the Grampian Hills to the Eddystone Lighthouse. But that is no reason why a Higgins should have monopolized the glory of figuring in the same paragraph with the Premier Baron of England.

One hope remains. It is rumoured that Lord de Roos intends bringing separate actions against the three colleagues of Mr. Cumming—viz. Mr. Brook Greville, Mr. George Payne, and Lord Henry Bentinck. Now let one of the trio obtain his Majesty's royal letters patent, to add Smith to his name—not as the penultimate, or ante-penultimate, but as the climax, the wind-up, the energetic, irrevocable, and emphatic clencher to all his other cognomens, and immortality awaits him, and general gladness will be diffused throughout the world. The sun sets not upon the regions peopled by the Smiths!

MORE PROVINCIAL PROFUNDITY.—The histrionic Longinus of the *Tyne Mercury* and the Thespians of the Theatre Royal Newcastle are blessed in each other. Only such a critic could comprehend and expound the infinitesimally little and transcendently great points of attraction in such performers. This unparalleled dramatic censor prefaces a recent dissertation on the stage-doings of the company by expressing his regret that attendance at the literary institutions of the town prevented him from witnessing "Richard III." and "Hamlet." "We almost wish," says he, "that a similar cause had hindered us from seeing 'Rob Roy' on Wednesday evening." Wednesday evening; ah prophetic heaven! that Wednesday evening. Day sacred to the direful sisterhood who spin and nip short the thread of our frail existence. *Something* always happens on that day. We always said something would happen—and, lo! the confirmation of our fears. "For assuredly," continues he of Newcastle, "there was some halo of melancholy, some deep dark cloud of despondency over the performance, or [mark the distinction] indeed over the whole house!" There! You perceive it was either a halo or a cloud. Take your choice (but if you prefer the cloud, mind it is deep *and* dark) of despondency which enveloped not simply the performance, but absolutely the whole house. Now clouds of despondency are very unnecessary stage accessories in the performance of "Rob Roy;" a halo of melancholy may be tolerated occasionally, but clouds of despondency, more particularly deep and dark, are extremely reprehensible, and are enough to provoke the ire of any critic. But we appeal to our readers, we appeal to the people of Great Britain, to the entire human fraternity, even to the seven millions of "Aliens" the other side of St. George's Channel, whether it is to be endured that a halo of melancholy or a cloud of deep and dark despondency shall encircle the whole of the Newcastle Theatre. At all events we cannot wonder that the *Mercury* should not bear such things without conveying his sense of the grievance in some shape or other. And thus he does it:—"Mr. R. Younge was powerful in the scenes of the 'MacGregor' where effect was to be produced. Miss Penley was effective in the few scenes of Helen which well display that character. [God bless us! Scenes of 'Helen' and the 'MacGregor.' There is a Novel written by a person called Scott, in which mention is made of a MacGregor; but it would appear there are plenty with that cognomen in "Rob Roy" as played at Newcastle.] Mr. Griffiths, as 'Rashleigh Osbaldiston' was energetic *and* able

beyond our expectations. [And beyond ours also.] Mr. Corrie made a good 'Owen.' And what does he play ill? [Aye, what does Mr. Corrie play ill?—or well either, we may ask for information's sake.] And Mr. Lacey was a surprising 'Dougal' [quite surprising we'll lay any odds.] But with these exceptions, and the singing of Mr. Yarnold and Miss Atkinson, how dull and flat was the performance!"

Now if it had not been for those confounded halos and clouds a 'Rob Roy' might be endured in which there were "powerful," "effective," "energetic and able," "good," and "surprising" acting, and singing not to be sneezed at, to say the least of it. But what is a Rob Roy at the Theatre Royal Newcastle with a halo of melancholy or a deep dark cloud of despondency over it? Aye, it may be, gracious powers! over the *whole house*. What signify "these exceptions" of surprising acting and uncensored singing? And listen to what's coming:—"Mr. Ray's 'Bailey Nicol Jarvie' *might* have been respectable if it had not been for the awful Scotch, and Mr. Silver looked 'Major Galbraith' infinitely better than he played it." The least we can say of Mr. Silver is that he must have had a great deal of brass to attempt to look the Major *better* than he played it. Had he looked it merely as well, we might have passed over his delinquency with silent contempt: but better—such assurance is intolerable.

But oh, for a seventy-seven donkey or a fifty-four elephant power of words to express our indignant abhorrence of Mr. Ray. Woe, woe! Talk of the drama being deteriorated by the conversion of our theatres into show-houses! Stuff! Turn the whole Zoological Gardens—fish and fowl, pigs, dromedaries, and boa-constrictors, apes, zebras, and Colonel Sibthorpe, upon the stage, and what is it compared to 'Bailey Nicol Jarvie' speaking *Scotch*? A Bailey who will discourse you in plain Sanscrit, Japanese, or Abyssinian, is all very well for those who are not fastidious, and do not insist upon the characters being supported in the original and unadulterated Chaldee vernacular. For our own part we would in case of emergency put up with a Bailey who could only give us *pure* Coptic—for we are rather fastidious on the score of its purity; or for the matter of that we might be induced to stomach a Bailey who would render us the part in the dialect of Thibet, Wapping, or the Ladrone or Dogs' Islands. We'll even go so far as to say that sooner than have the character omitted we would take it in hieroglyphics—provided the prompter were not *too* audible—we need not say *why* he ought to be *mum*. But Bailey Nicol Jarvie talking *Scotch*! Well does the Newcastle critic say, "awful Scotch!" Awful indeed. This is criticism.

Nonsense apart. After going on at a similar rate for the better part of a mortal column, this intensely sublimated jackass suddenly abbreviates one of his most astounding brays for the purpose of lecturing one of the unfortunate objects of his remorseless donkeyism—a Miss Noel—on her departure from her text, thus:—"We would advise Miss N. to attend rather closer to her author. We noticed some ungrammatical use of singular verbs to plural nouns—*does* instead of *do*, and so forth—which sound strangely on the boards of a Theatre Royal." When we came to this our love for the absurd gave place to a keen desire to kick the nineteen times stultified booby as long as we could stand over him. Singular verbs! Gad, the inclination is on us still; and we hereby offer a yearly volume of the *Monthly* handsomely bound, a bottle of Stephens's Writing Fluid, and a card of double patent Perryans—side spring, or under, triple-pointed or oblique slit—to any person who, within six months from the date hereof, shall satisfy us that he has bestowed one dozen vigorous and emphatic admonitions of the nature hereinbefore specified on the aforesaid woode-nheaded caitiff's antithesis of the os frontis.

JOURNAL OF FACTS.

Catching Quails in Cerigo.—The flocks of quail which appear here in spring and autumn are considerably reduced by various destructive means of the inhabitants; but the most singular is that of finding them by dogs, something similar to a lurcher, and then catching them with hand-nets. Two, or a party of three, go sporting in this way; each net has a mouth somewhat oval, stiffened by a rim of wood two or three feet long, attached to which is a net of a proportionate bulk; to this border is fastened at one end a pole, ten to fourteen feet long, and with such a weapon a party of three will secure twenty or thirty couples during the day in the following manner. When the dog makes a point, the party comes up towards the spot in different directions, holding their nets by the ends of the poles, and if the quails lie so close, as they do in bushes, as to allow the party to touch each other's nets, then the dog is driven in to put them up. On rising, each man strikes at a bird which his extended oval-mouthed net, twisting it in the air to entangle his game, and, when expert, seldom misses.—*Jameson's Edinburgh Journal.*

Employment of the Population of Great Britain.—Mr. Marshall, in his highly laboured digest of National Statistics, thus analyzes the occupations of the inhabitants of our island:—

Agricultural occupiers (1831)	1,500,000
Do. labourers	4,800,000
Miners	600,000
Preparers of food, bakers, butchers, &c.	900,000
Builders of all kinds	650,000
Clothiers of all kinds	1,088,000
Manufacturers	2,400,000
Shopkeepers	2,100,000
Seamen and soldiers	831,000
Clergy, lawyers, doctors, &c.	450,000
Paupers and vagrants	110,000
Independent gentry, &c. (non-productive)	1,116,400

Total 16,537,400

Pauper Emigration.—It appears from the lately published Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, that between June 1835 and July 1836, the number of pauper emigrants was 5141,—the expense of whose removal was £28,414. The destination of a very large majority of them was Upper or Lower Canada. Many emigrated to the United States;—a few only to Australia.

Vital Statistics of Northern and Central Europe:

	Ann. deaths to Pop.	Ann. births to Pop.	Leg. to illeg. child.
England & Wales	1 in 59	1 in 33½	19 to 1
Sweden and Denmark	1 in 48	1 in 31	16 to 1
Prussia	1 in 36	1 in 28	17 to 1
Belgium	1 in 43	1 in 30	21 to 1
France	1 in 40	1 in 32½	13 to 1

Population of Ireland.—The increase of the Irish population is, strange to say, most rapid in the less improved districts of the country. In Leinster between 1821—1831, the increase was only 9 per cent; while in Munster it was 14, and in Connaught 22 per cent. The density of the population is also very remarkable. The number of acres in Ireland is about 20 millions, of which 1,600,000 are bog-land:—the population is 8,500,000, or one individual to 25 acres. In England with all its improvements, the population is to its extent in acres as 1 to 2.66; while in Scotland, it is as 1 to 8.

Increase of the British Merchant-shipping.—The following date will show the increase of the Merchant service during the present century. In the year 1800 the registered shipping of the Empire amounted to 17,885, with a tonnage of 1,855,879,—employing 138,721 men. In the last year, the number of British vessels was 25,511, with a tonnage of 2,783,761,—employing 171,020 men.

Live-stock of Great Britain:

Horses No.	1,500,000	Val.	22,500,000/.
Cattle -	5,300,000	-	24,500,000
Sheep -	39,648,000	-	62,300,000
Hogs (?)	19,420,000		18,352,000

Light Houses of the British Islands.—There are altogether 133 light-houses along our coasts; of which 65 belong to England,—29 to Scotland,—and 36 to Ireland. Of these, 15 are floating lights, which all give a continuous light. Of the land-lights, 31 are intermittent. The highest lantern measured from the sea-level is Clare-island light in Ireland,—487 feet. The highest in England is the Needles-light,—469 feet. The loftiest building from its base is the Kinnaird's Head light,—120 feet; but the Leasowe light near the Mersey-mouth is 118 feet high.

Birmingham Railway.—Mr. Stephenson, the engineer of this great undertaking, is of opinion that all the works may be

completed in the summer of 1838, and that the whole line may then be opened. The engineer has, it seems, been rather out of his reckoning as respects the costs of the railroad. The original capital has been all expended except 215 000*l.*; and it now appears that at least two millions more will be required to complete the works. The directors are certainly possessed of some assurance to acknowledge that their Par-

liamentary estimate was too low by 1,600,000*l.* Their apologies cannot palliate their transgression of common honesty and fair dealing. Mr. Stephenson, we recollect, served the good people of Liverpool and Manchester a similar trick. That railroad, estimated at 500,000*l.*, cost 1,200,000*l.* So much for estimates. Shareholders, beware!

Coal entered at the Port of London in 1833--4--5.

Ships.			Ports whence shipped.	Tons.		
1833	1834	1835		1833	1834	1835
3,387	3,625	3,900	From Newcastle . . .	1,060,839	1,142,903	1,266,755
2,369	2,036	2,182	- Sunderland . . .	666,787	559,105	629,554
773	1,007	966	- Stockton . . .	170,690	221,971	230,174
178	248	251	- Blythe and Sleaford			
			Sluice . . .	48,689	64,268	65,046
67	176	249	From Scotland . . .	15,138	39,487	40,955
130	135	153	From Wales . . .	32,156	33,200	38,567
173	177	257	From Yorkshire . . .	16,110	17,751	27,761
			Quantity which passed the			
			Boundary Stones on			
			the Grand Junction Ca-			
			anal, and on the River			
			Thames . . .	4,395½	1,862	1,004½
7,077	7,404	7,958	Total . . .	2,014,804½	2,080,547	2,299,816½

Greenwich Railway.—The greatest amount taken in one day, during December and January, was 135*l.*; the greatest in the present month exceeds 200*l.*, which is at the rate of 73,000*l.* per annum, or above 12 per cent. on the capital, supposing it 600,000*l.* And if one-third (which is more than it can be for a mere passenger traffic) was taken for wear and tear and other expenses, it would leave 8 per cent. profit.

Ceremony of opening a Russian Railway.—A letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 21st of November, says:—"The first iron railroad in Russia was opened on the 18th. The travelling steam-engine, built by M. Hackworth of New Shildon, having got finished, was prepared for the occasion, but was not permitted to commence until religiously consecrated. At eleven o'clock, A.M., a friar with his attendants made their appearance at the station from which the train was to start, bringing with them a table, three wax candles, a dish full of holy water, and a golden cross. After being clothed with their priestly garments, they began to chant, and the priests crossed themselves and various parts of the engine, then took the birch and threw the holy water on the engine and the crowd of spectators which had assembled to witness the scene. The chief priest then

prayed that the Emperor and family might be preserved, and that the engine might be fortunate and do much good; this, after pronouncing the benediction, concluded the ceremony, which lasted about three quarters of an hour. The candles were then removed, and the engine commenced with a train of carriages, and proceeded from Paulovsk to Kowzmino and back, much to the satisfaction of the spectators, and the Grand Duke, who rode on the train during the journey. The Emperor's attention was attracted by the magnificent appearance of the iron horse. He, addressing himself in English, said, 'It is the finest I ever saw.' The Emperor appeared much gratified with the success which had attended their first attempt at this new mode of conveyance."

New Uses of Slate.—Slate has lately been employed for purposes to which it was before deemed wholly unfit. The billiard-table makes finds no material so well adapted to his purpose as the combination of four slate slabs of about 6 by 3 feet. Such a table-top (of which more than 500 have now been made) costs about 13*l.* The upholsterer has also begun to use it as a cheap and good substitute for marble in wash-stands and other bed-room articles. Slate is likely to become generally useful, also, as an economical substitute for the stone-blocks on

railways. A slate $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick is found to be as strong as a stone 1 foot thick. A slate of greater thickness is found by experiment to be less strong.

Railroad across the Isthmus of Panama.—The company of Shareholders, at the head of which is Mr. Beddle, a United States man, and M. Azuero, a Columbian, having lodged the necessary securities, and perfected their guarantees with the Government of New Grenada for the making of a railroad, as conceded to them by a decree of the 6th of June last, and rendering navigable a stream which goes the remainder of the way across the isthmus, which separates the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the grant was finally perfected on the 26th of August, and the works are to be commenced without delay.—*Columbian Paper.*

Ease of Draught on Railways.—Two horses drew the immense load of two hundred and sixty-three quarters of grain from Dalkeith to Edinburgh, on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway, a distance of six miles. The weight of grain was about forty-four tons, and the weight of the waggon ten tons, making a gross weight of fifty-four tons!—*Keen's Bath Journal.*

Rail-road from Paris to St. Germain.—The projected rail-road from Paris to St. Germain is to commence near the Church de la Madeleine on the Boulevards, and afterwards pass through a tunnel under the Commune of Les Batignolles Monceaux. This tunnel will be 907 yards in length. There are to be three stations for receiving and delivering luggage. The number of bridges or viaducts to be erected over streets and roads, between the point of departure and the Seine, will

be twelve. It is expected that the steam carriages on this road will be able to travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and, according to this calculation, the distance between Paris and St. Germain will be performed in twenty-four minutes. It now occupies one hour and forty minutes.

Spots on Marble.—Housekeepers may perhaps like to know that all the red spots which are to be found in marble, are not ineffaceable. Those proceeding from iron always remain, but those which are caused by a vegetable substance, or cryptogamous plant, may be removed by a camel-hair brush and a little water. They are often to be seen in the marble of Saravezza, and are identical with those fungi which impart the red colour to snow.

Paper.—A new species of paper has been invented by a Mons. Masard, a French paper-manufacturer, which, according to report, is likely to prove of great benefit to commerce. From this paper it is impossible to obliterate any thing which has been written, without its exhibiting some mark, and losing its original whiteness; it will resist every chemical agent; and can be manufactured of the best quality at a very moderate price. Some eminent scientific men have given their opinion that full confidence may be placed in the alleged qualities of this paper.

The Royal Library at Paris.—From an inspection recently made at the Royal Library in Paris, it appears that it now contains 800,000 printed volumes, 100,000 manuscripts, and 1,000,000 historical documents. Taking the average, 15,000 volumes are annually added, exclusive of pamphlets.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Author of "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century" has in the press "Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education," being a supplement to the former work.

Mr. Sharpe is preparing a fifth edition of 'Old Friends in a New^d Dress, or Select Fables in Verse,' which will be illustrated, for the first time, with a great variety of beautifully finished and appropriate embellishments.

An interesting and useful work for young people is now in the press, written by the talented author of 'The Annals of my Village,' &c., to appear in a few weeks, under the title of 'The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the Present Condition of the Earth.' This excellent work will be beautifully illustrated.

Works in the Press.

The first publication of the Central Society of Education, consisting of Papers by the following gentlemen:—Thomas Wyse, Esq. M.P.; C. Baker, Esq.; B. Hawes, jun. Esq. M.P.; A. De Morgan, Esq.; A. Allen, Esq.; W. Wittich, Esq.; G. R. Porter, Esq.; B. F. Duppa, Esq.; together with the Statistical Enquiries of the Society. 1 vol. 12mo. (To appear in April.)

A New edition of Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. In 1 vol. foolscap 8vo.

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"This is a book which ought to be in the hands of every theological student."—*Congregational Magazine*, March 1, 1837.

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